

# BLUE BOLT

BLUE BOLT

10¢

September

Tightening his grip  
on the deadly icicle,  
Sub-Zero parries the  
whirling Shark's attack.

Featuring:

## BLUE BOLT

SUB-ZERO MAN

SERGEANT SPOOK

SUPERHORSE

PHANTOM SUB

DICK COLE

RUNAWAY RONSON

And others



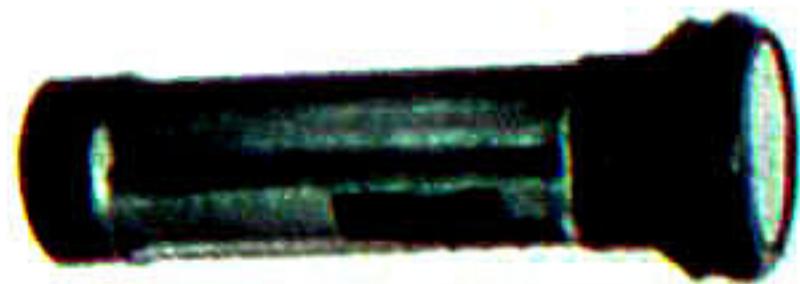
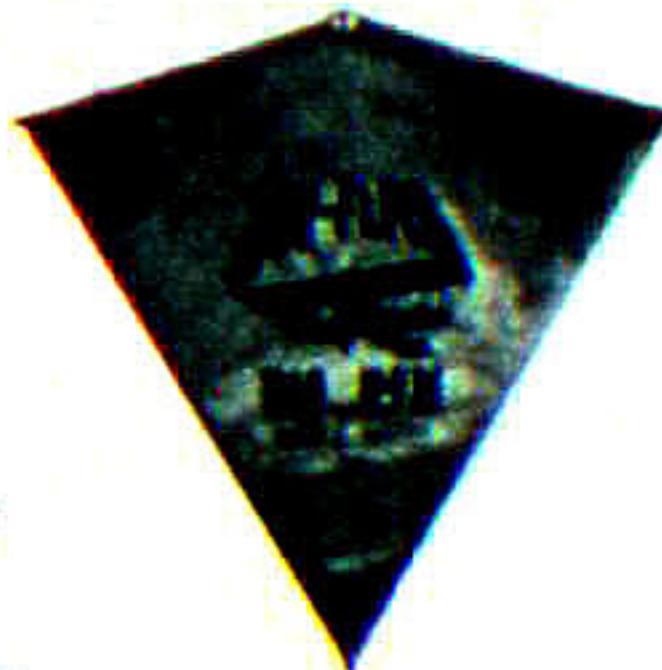
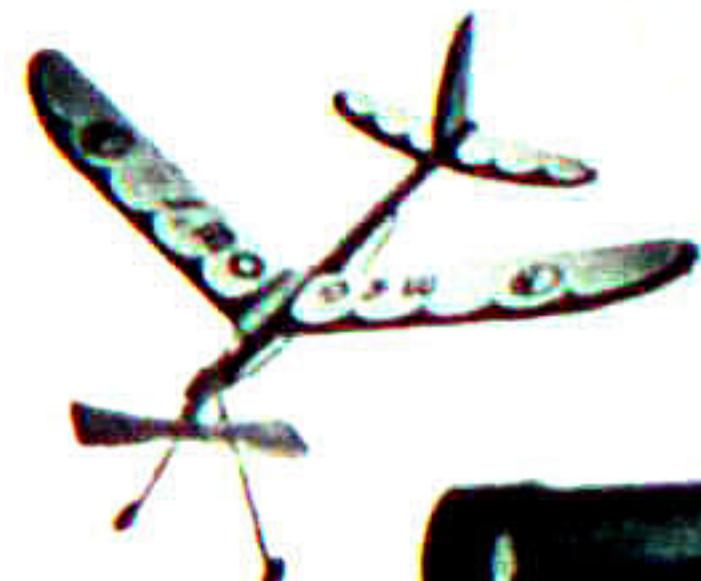
# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# Win Free Prizes By Reading **BLUE BOLT**

Cut out the coupon below which appears in every issue of **BLUE BOLT** and **TARGET**, **BLUE BOLT'S** companion magazine. Save it and continue to clip the coupons from each issue of these magazines until you have enough to get absolutely free any one of the prizes shown on this page, or one of the **MANY OTHER PRIZES SHOWN IN THE PRIZE CIRCULAR**.

SEND TODAY FOR THE  
PRIZE CIRCULAR  
WHICH GIVES YOU  
THE COMPLETE LIST  
OF VALUABLE PRIZES  
YOU CAN WIN  
ABSOLUTELY FREE  
BY BECOMING A  
REGULAR **BLUE BOLT**  
AND **TARGET** READER



THE PRIZE LIST TELLS YOU HOW MANY COUPONS YOU NEED TO SAVE FOR EACH PRIZE. Just send a penny postal card to **BLUE BOLT**, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, and say, "PLEASE SEND ME YOUR PRIZE LIST." Please print your address plainly.

Do Not Mail This Coupon When You Send For Prize List

## **BLUE BOLT PRIZE COUPON**

This coupon, clipped from **BLUE BOLT**, will be redeemed according to the terms of the **BLUE BOLT** Prize List. Write for your Prize List to **BLUE BOLT**, 292 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

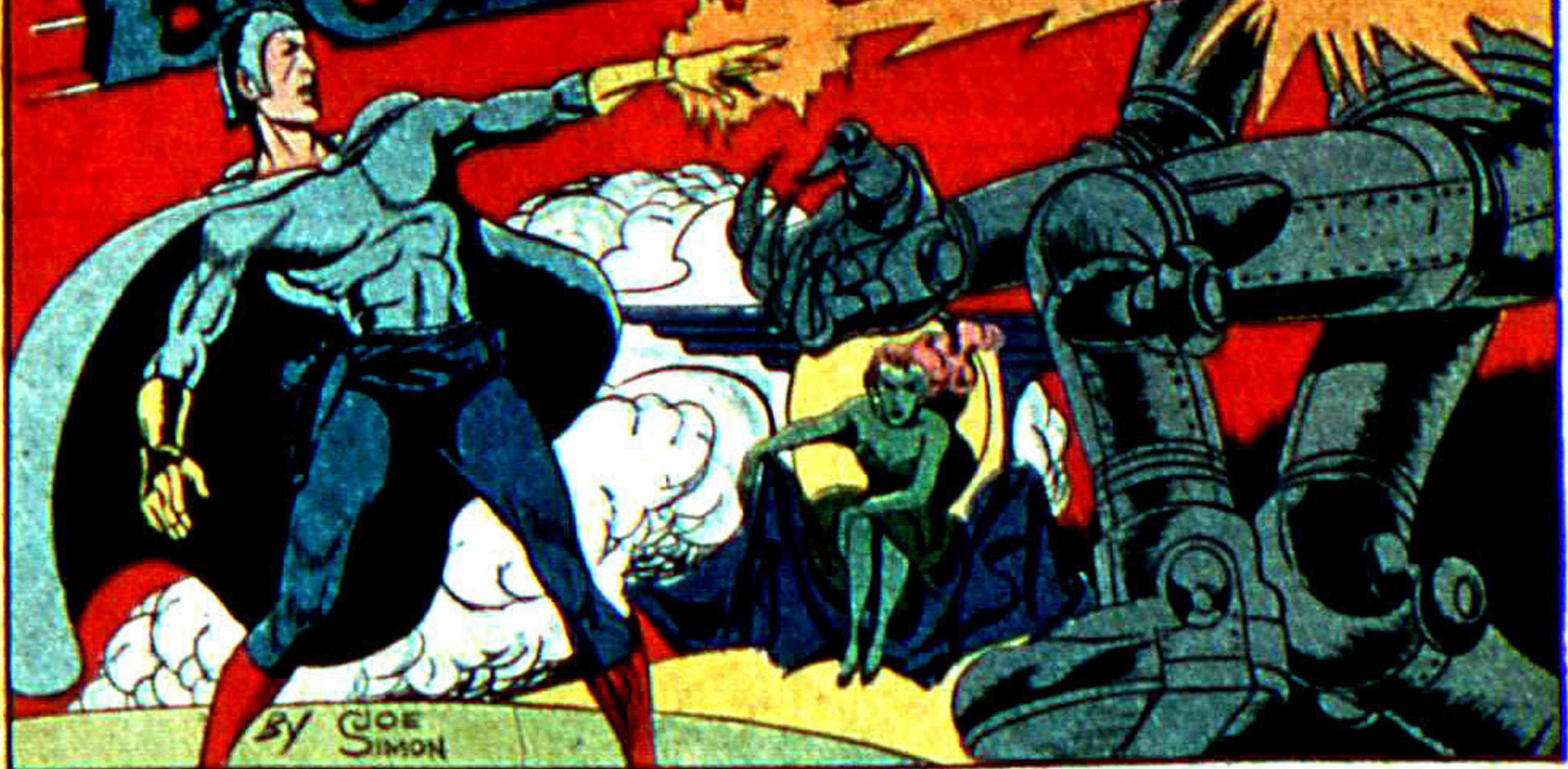
**NO CONTESTS TO ENTER.  
EVERYBODY WINS. JOIN THE  
HUNDREDS OF OTHER REGULAR  
READERS WHO ARE GETTING  
FREE PRIZES!**

This offer is void in any state or municipality where the redemption of coupons is prohibited, taxed or restricted.

**Buy **BLUE BOLT** and **TARGET**  
EVERY MONTH and**

**GET FREE PRIZES!**

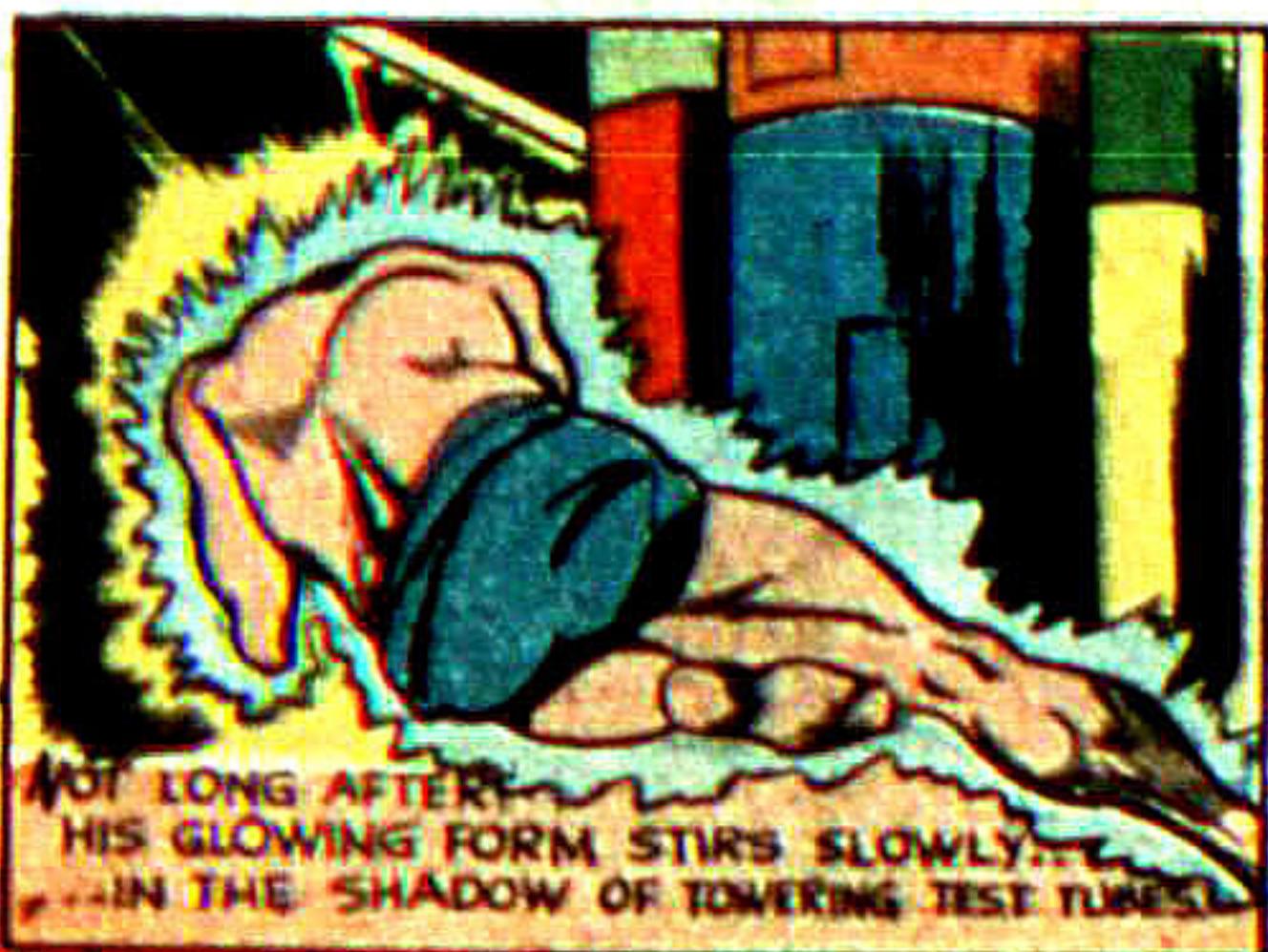
# BLUE BOLT

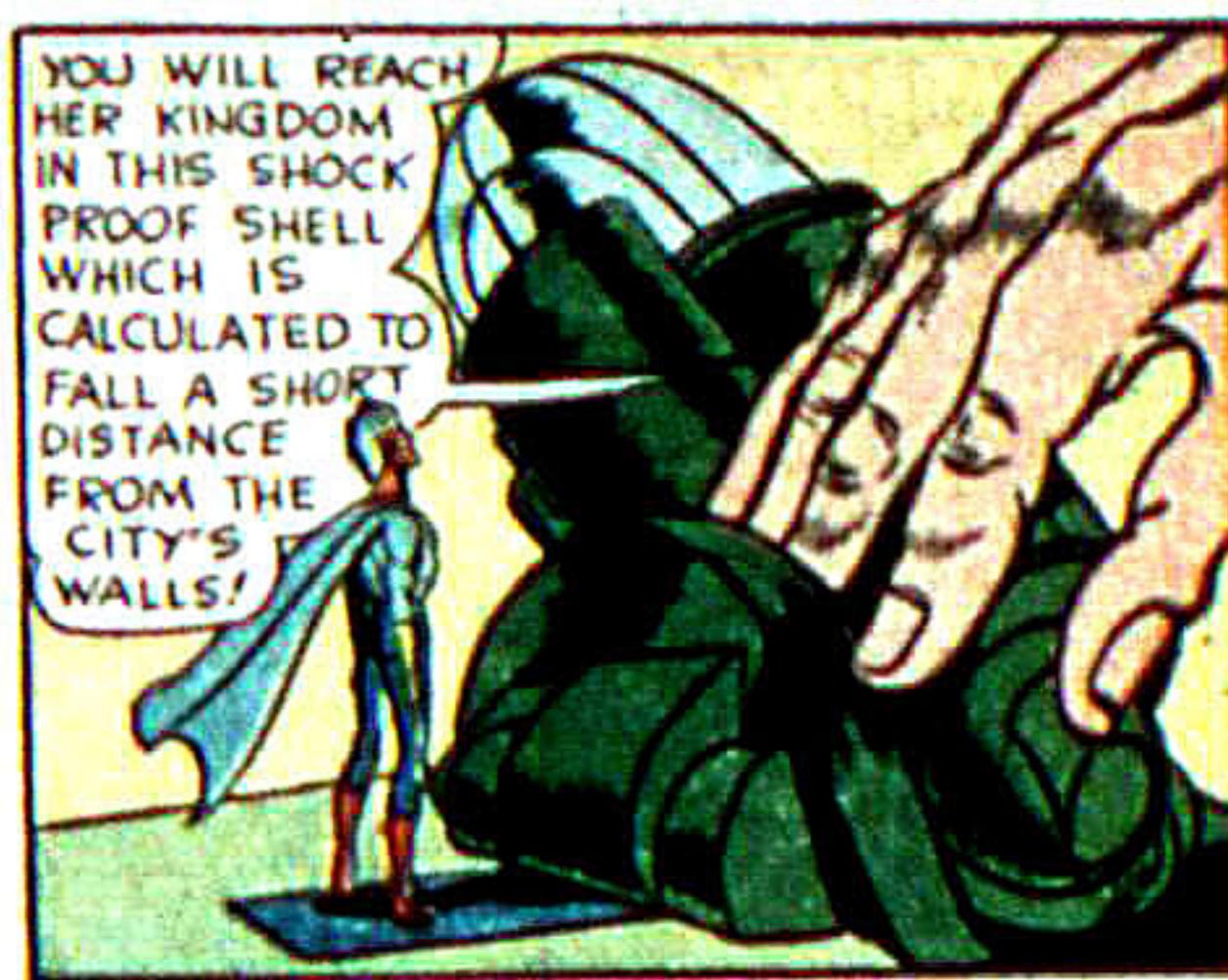


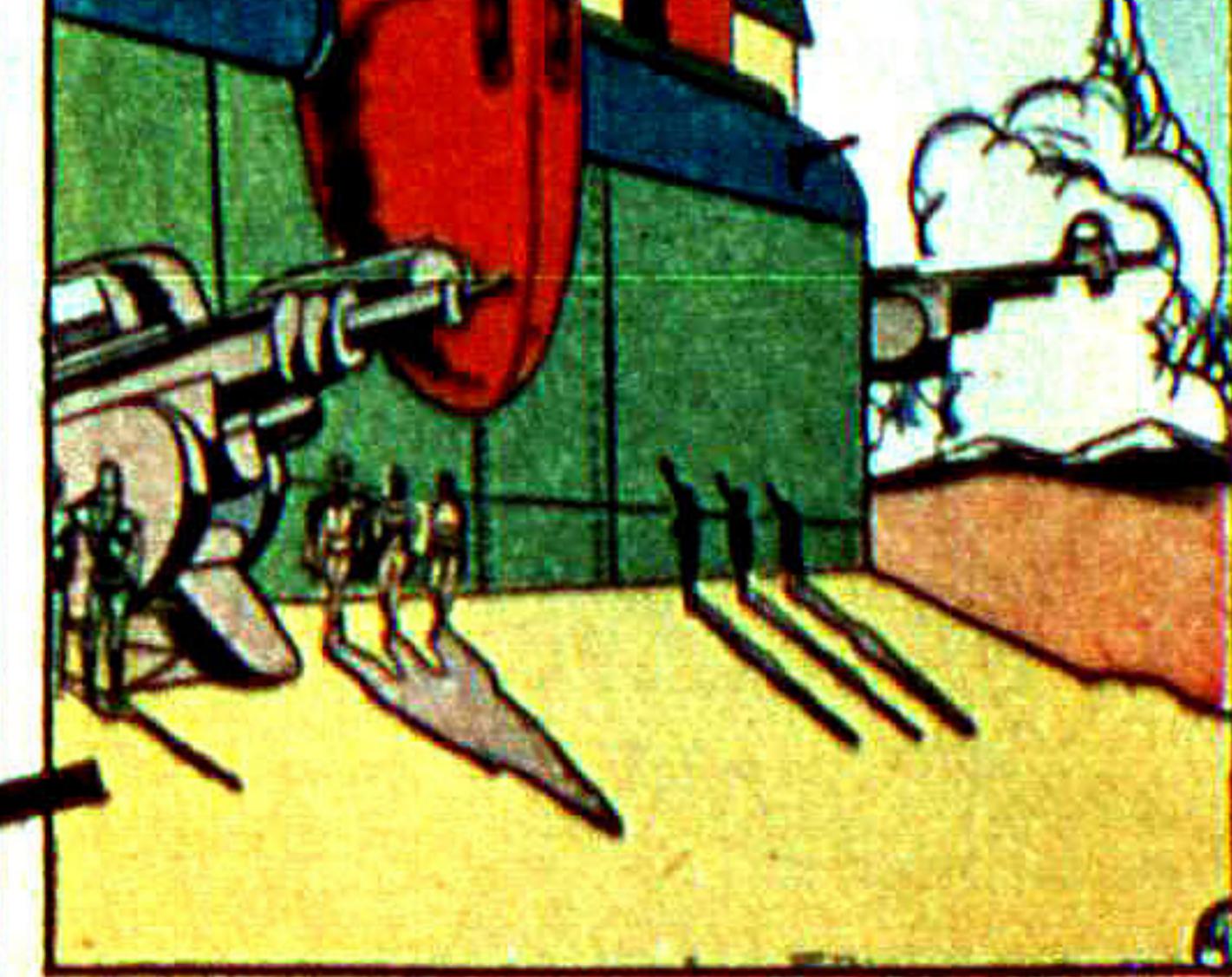
BY JOE SIMON

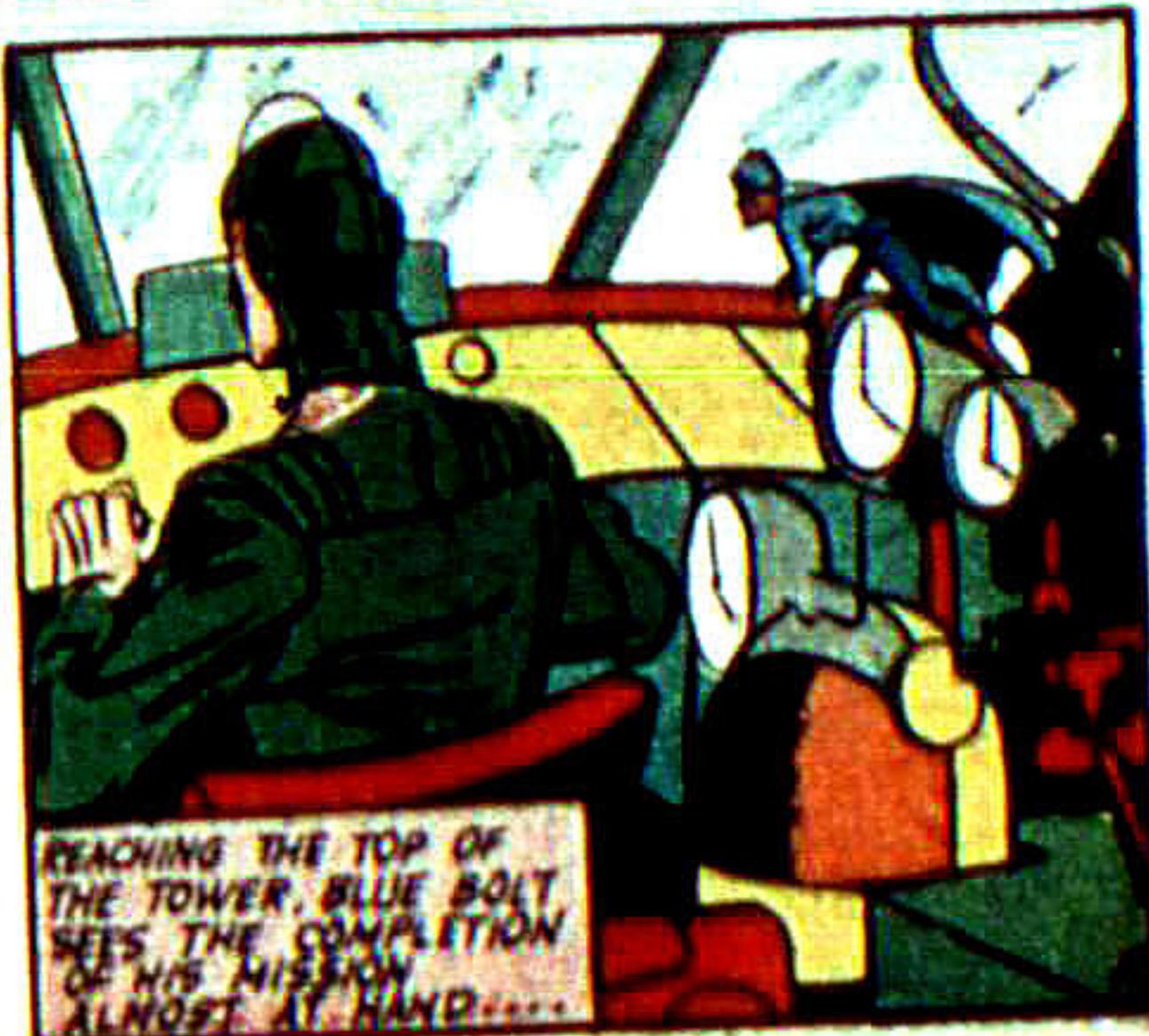
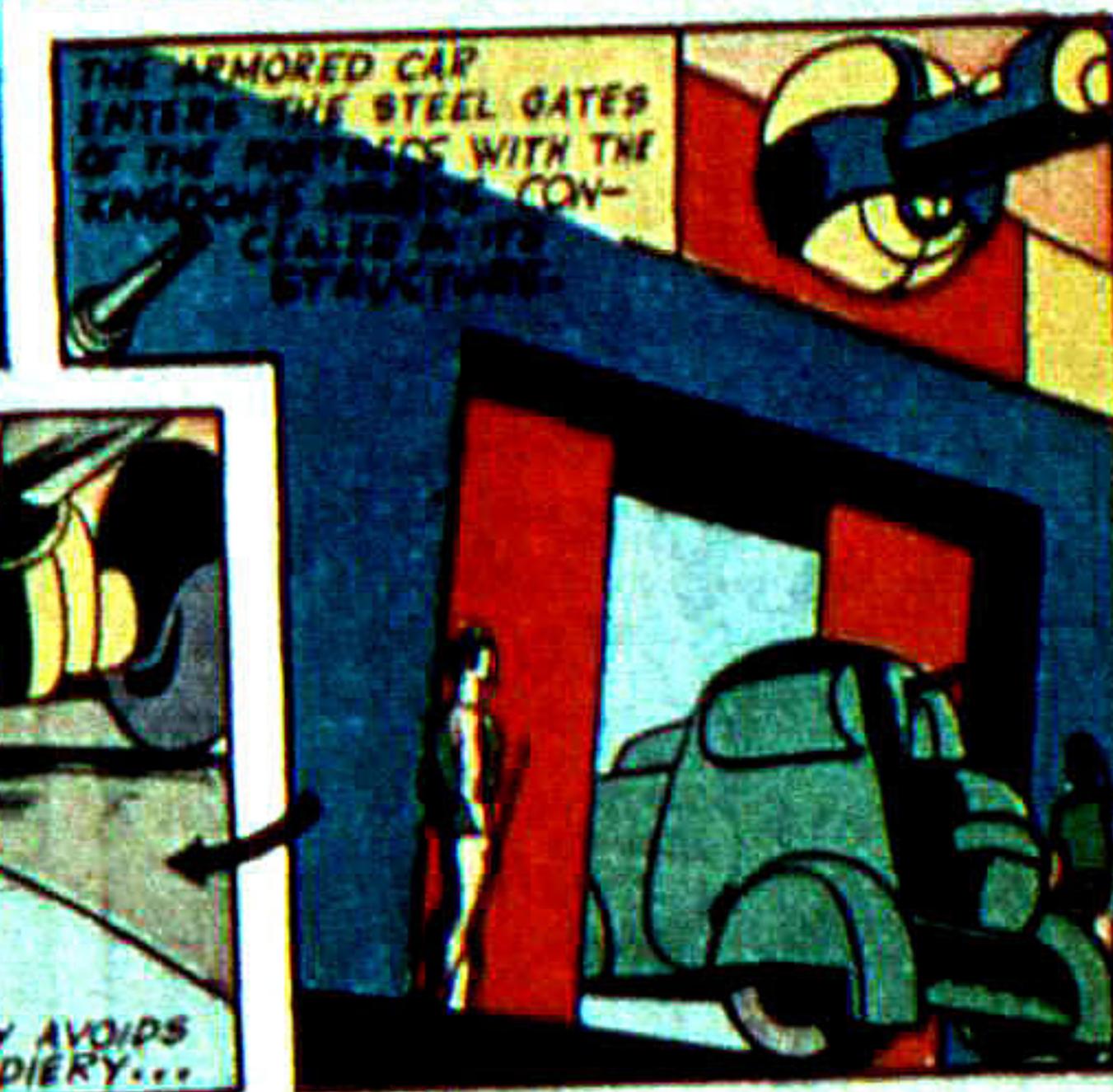
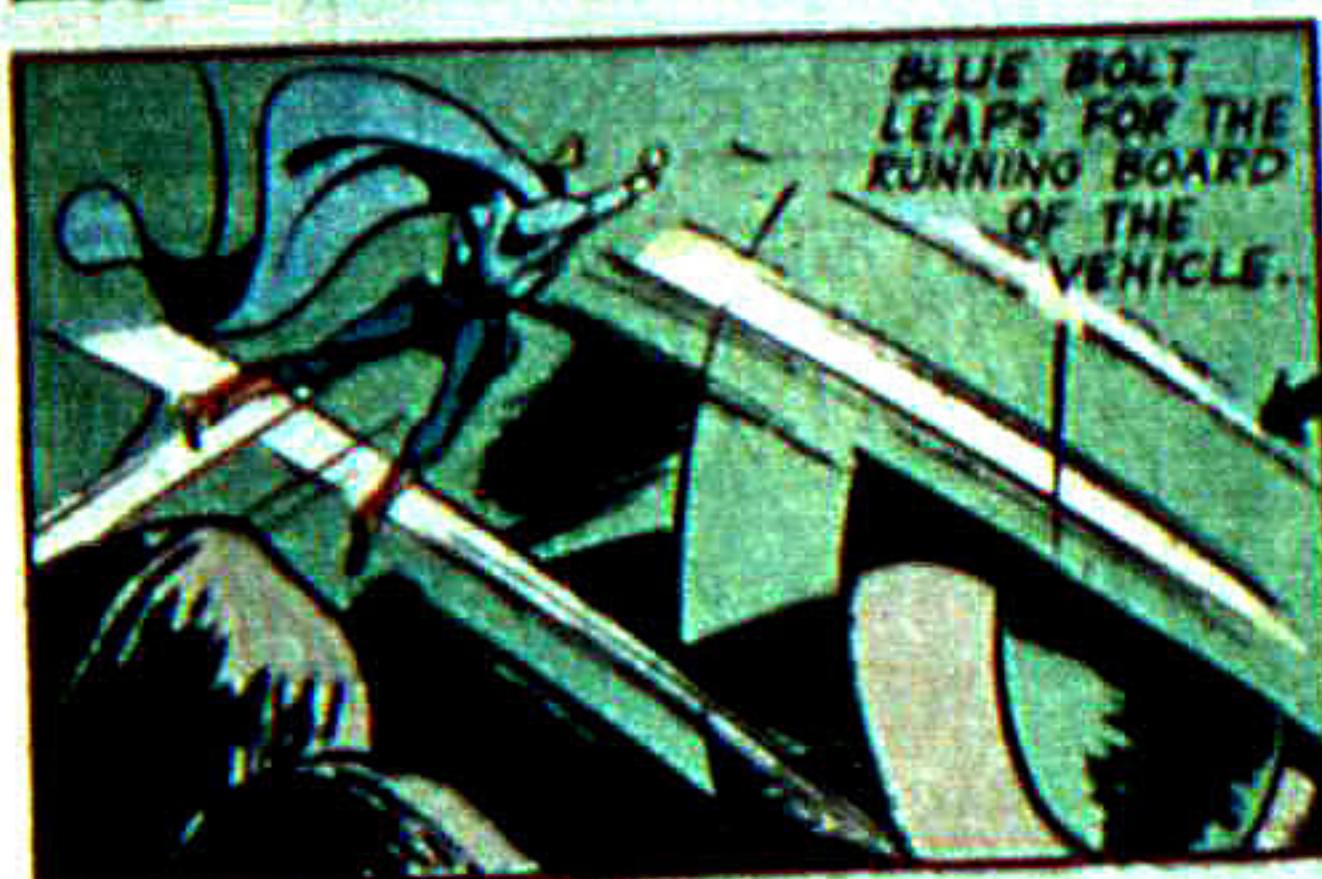


BLUE BOLT, Vol. 1, No. 4, September 1940, published monthly by Novelty Press, Inc., P. O. Box 1138, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright, 1940, by Funline, Incorporated, New York, N. Y. U. S. A. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year. Application for entry as Second-Class Matter at Philadelphia, Pa., is pending. No actual person is named or delineated in this magazine.



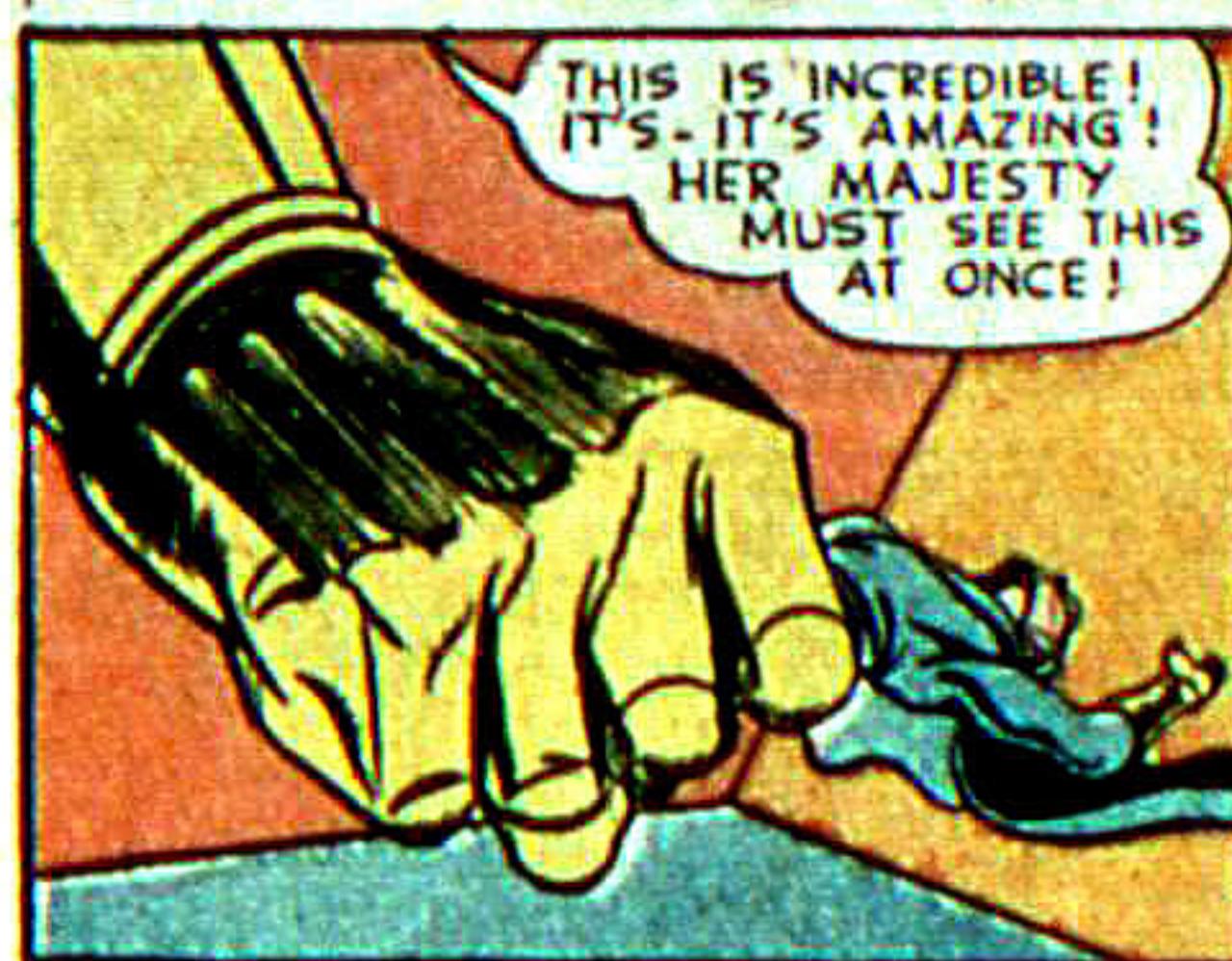
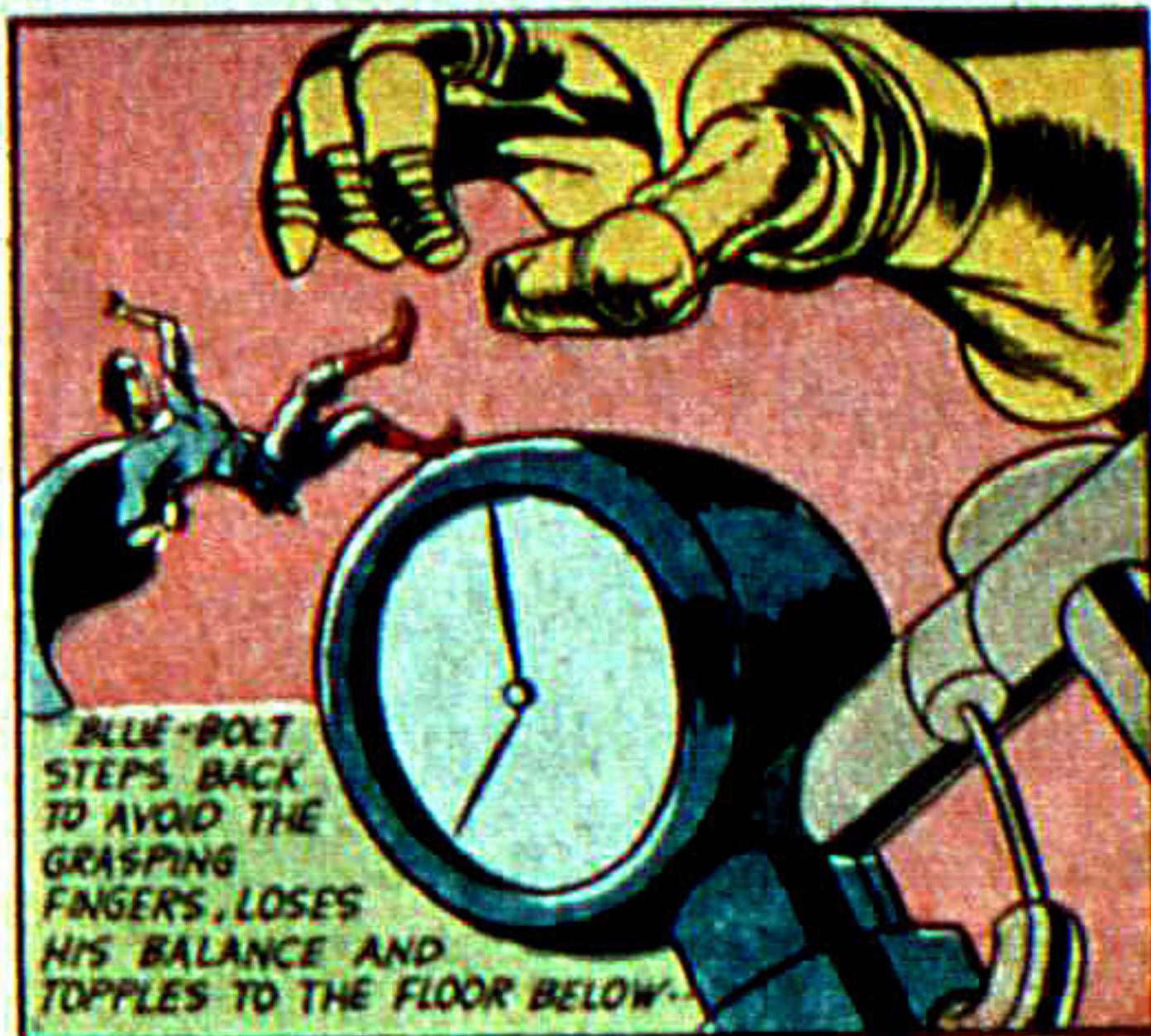
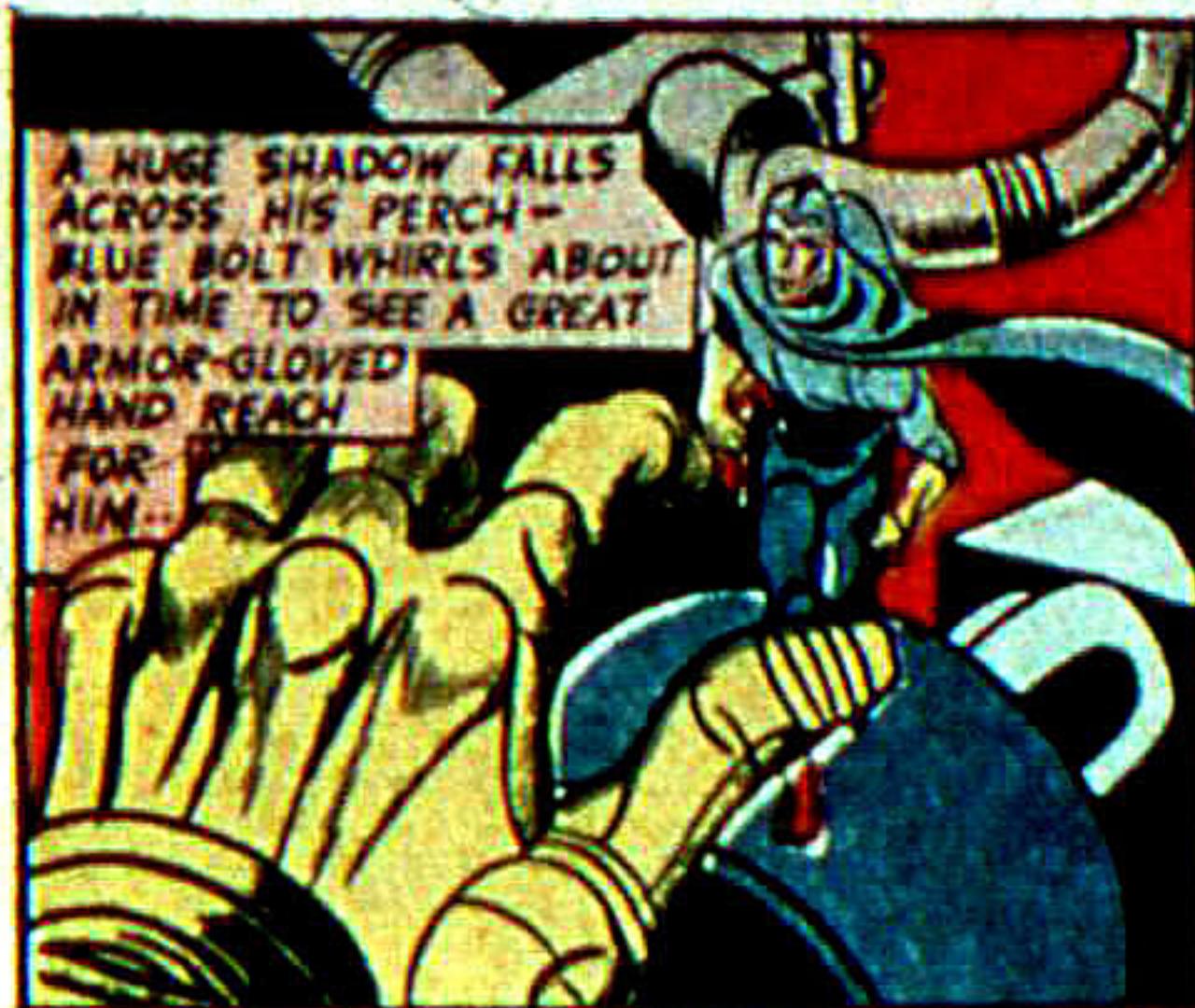


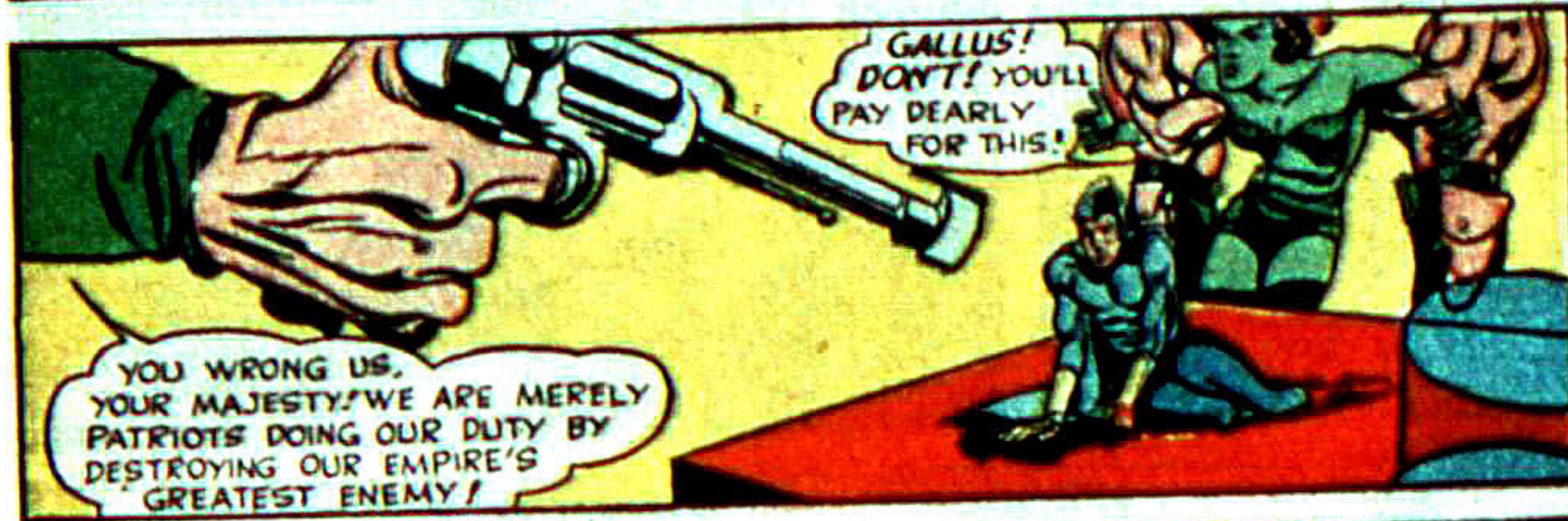
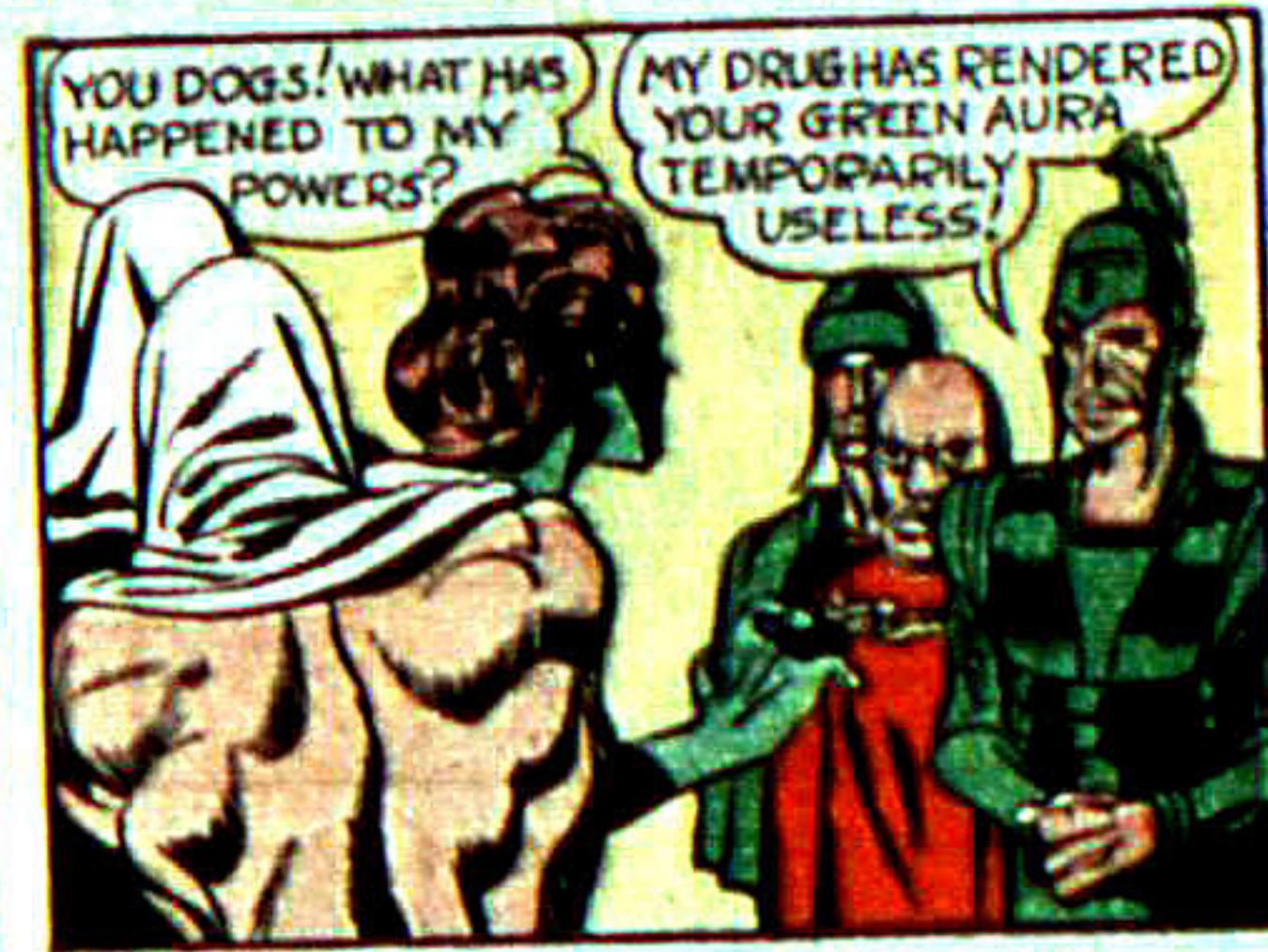


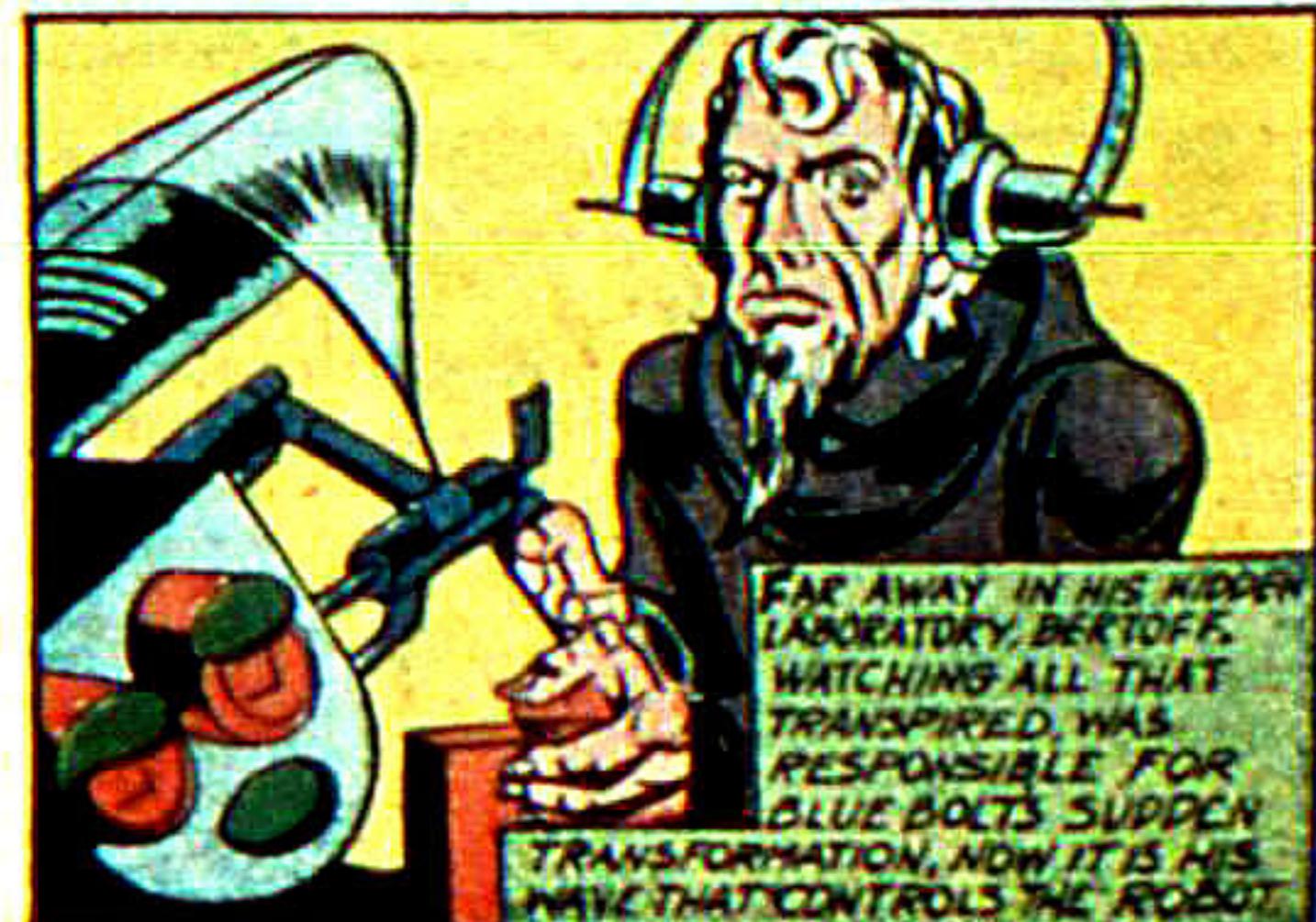
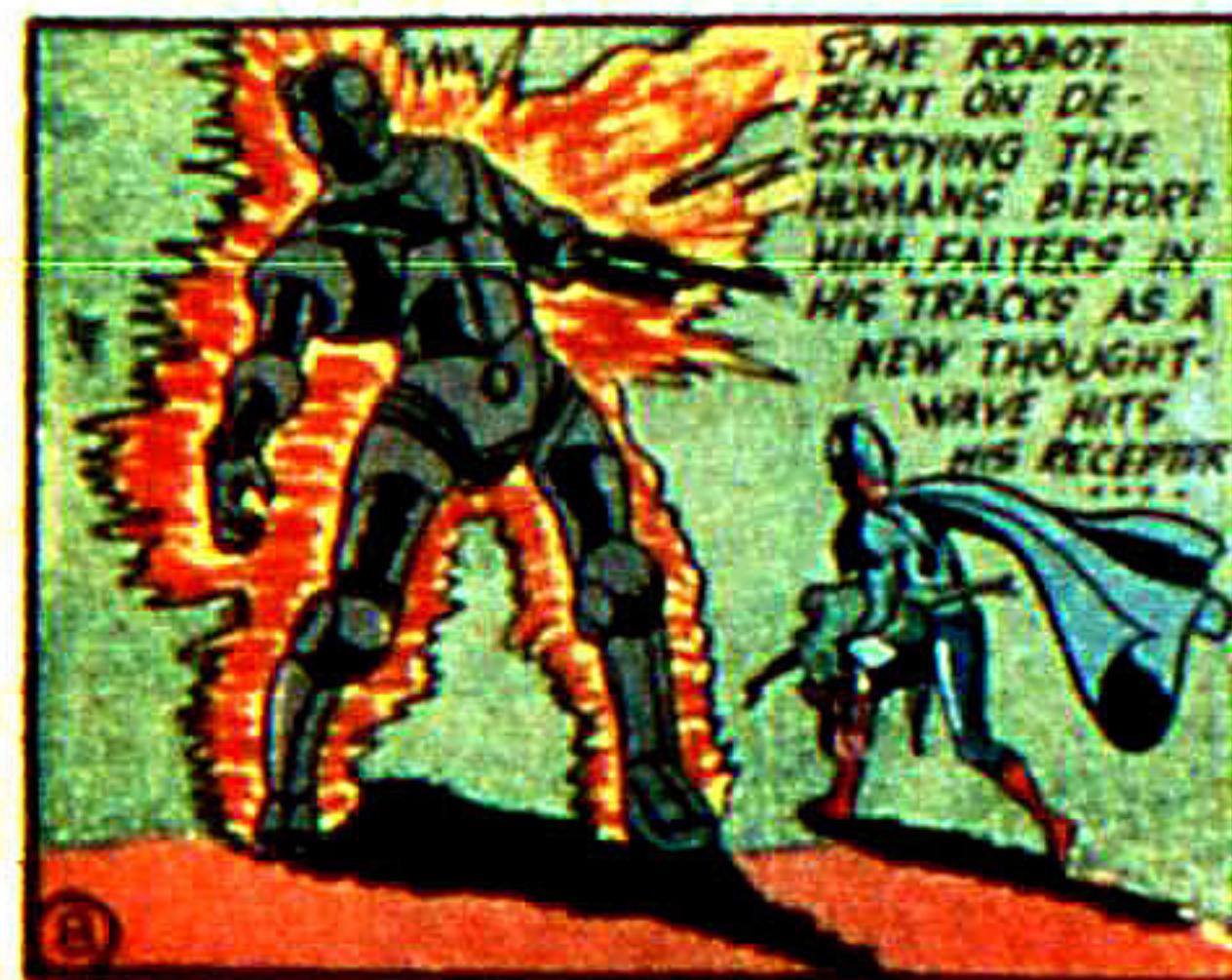
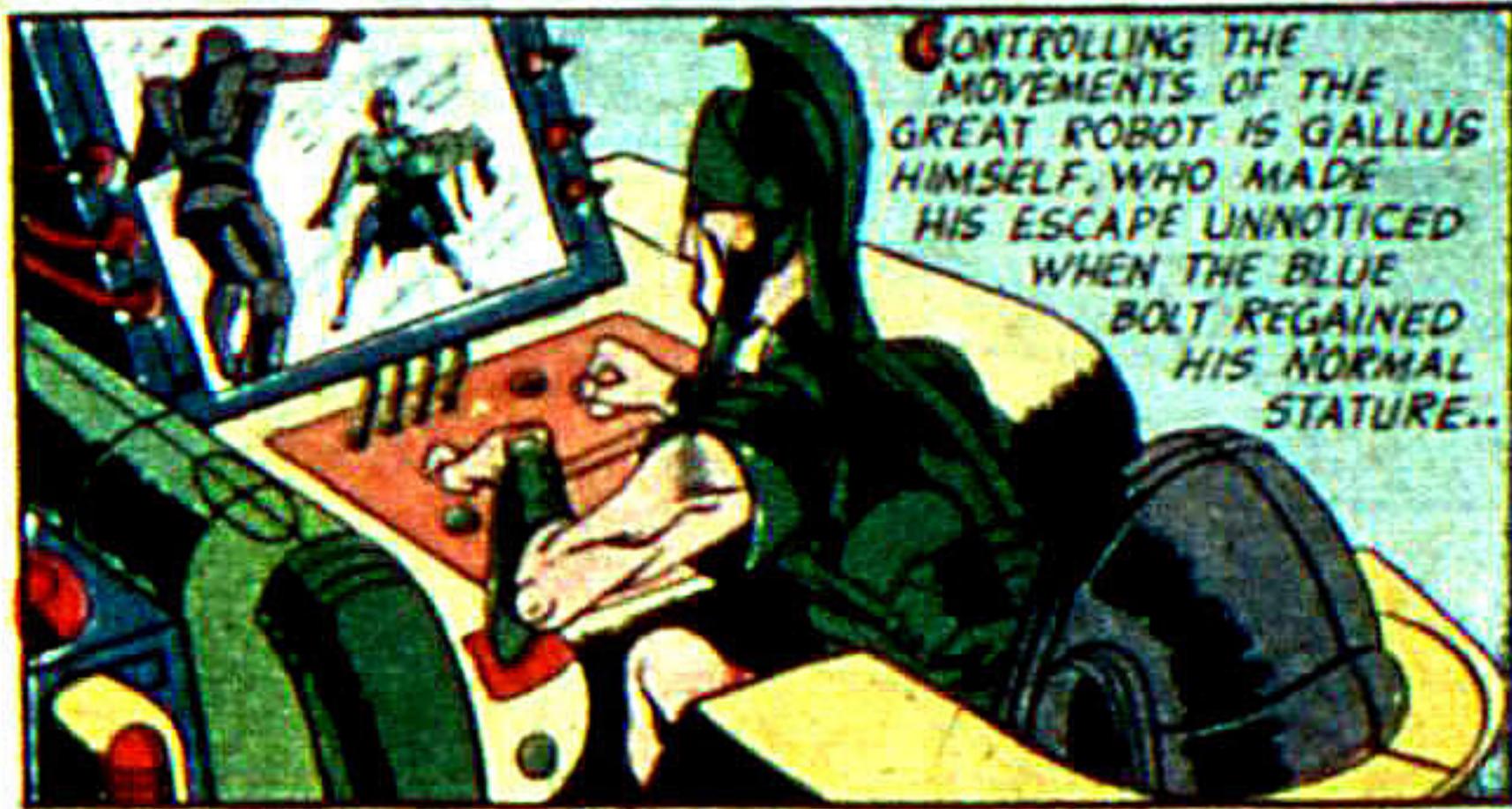
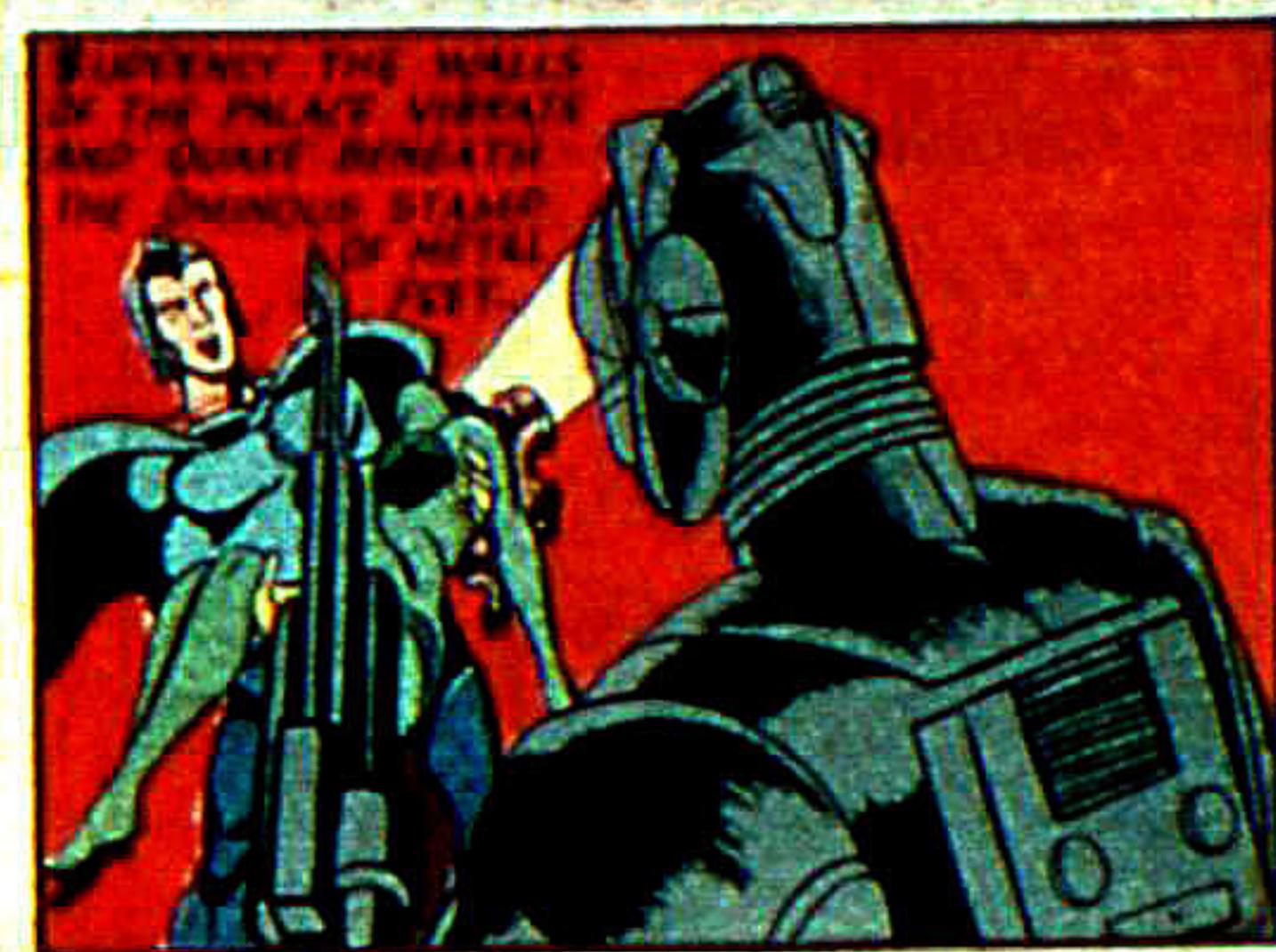
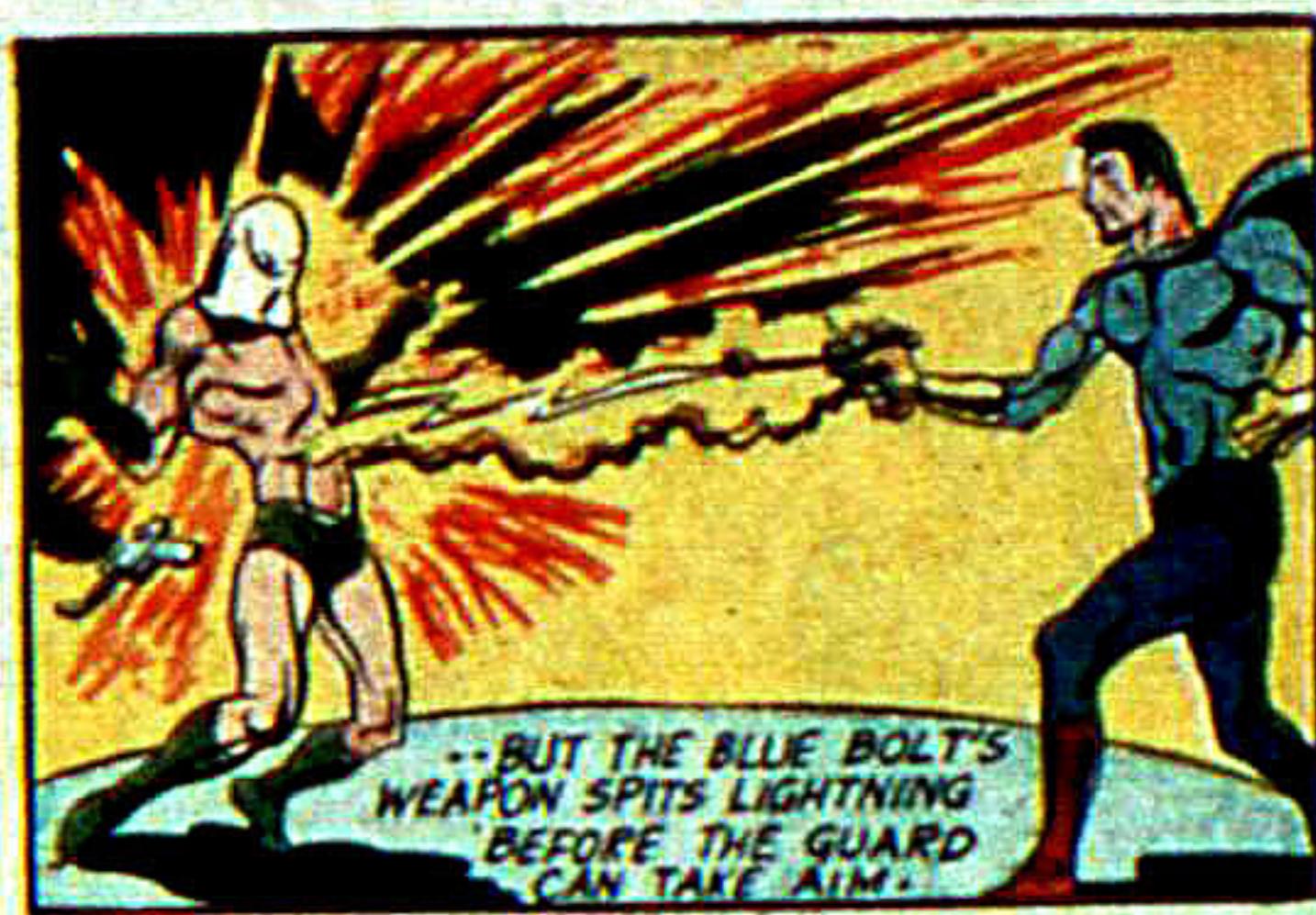


INSIDE THE  
FORTRESS, BLUE  
BOLT BEGINS  
HIS SEARCH...

REACHING THE TOP OF  
THE TOWER, BLUE BOLT  
SEES THE COMPLETION  
OF HIS MISSION  
ALMOST AT HAND...









UNDER THE CONTROL  
OF BERTOFF'S  
POWERFUL THOUGHT  
WAVE THE ROBOT  
SWERVES FROM  
ITS DESTRUCTIVE  
PATH AND STALKS  
TOWARD GALLUS'  
CONTROL ROOM—



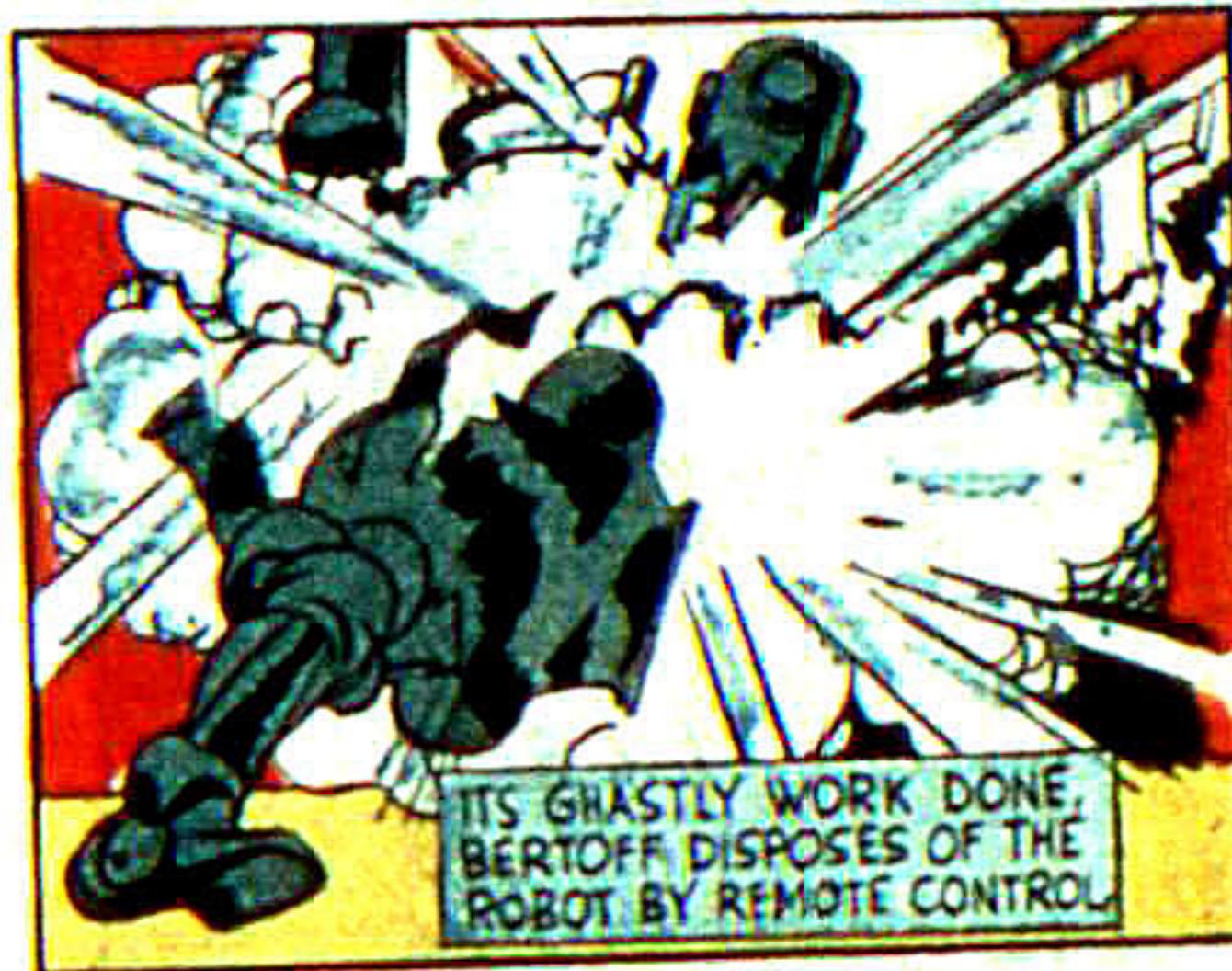
GALLUS MEETS  
THE DEATH HE  
INTENDED FOR  
THE BLUE  
BOLT!



CAPTAIN VARIKHAN IS  
THE NEXT VICTIM OF  
THE THRESHING  
METAL FINGERS!



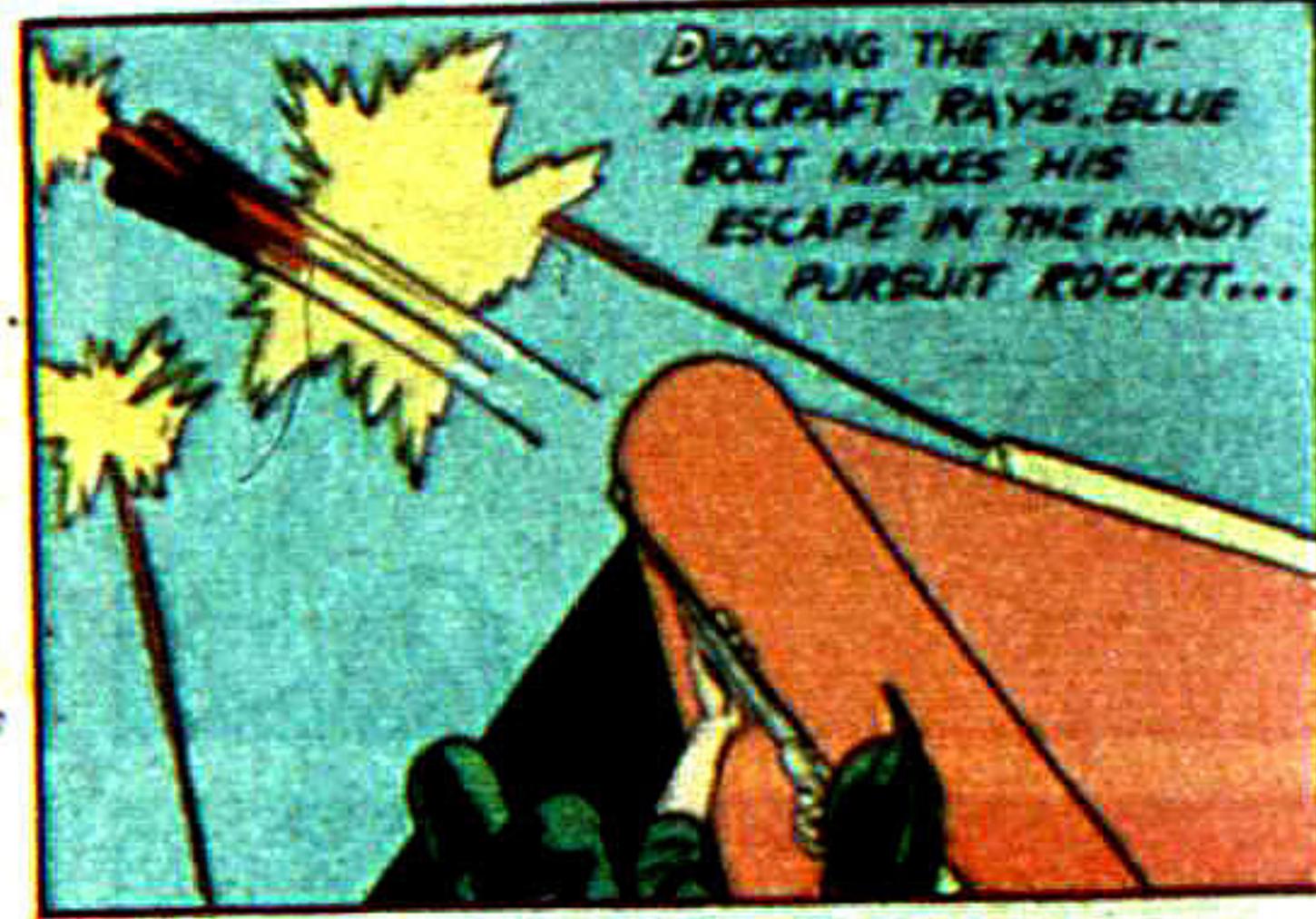
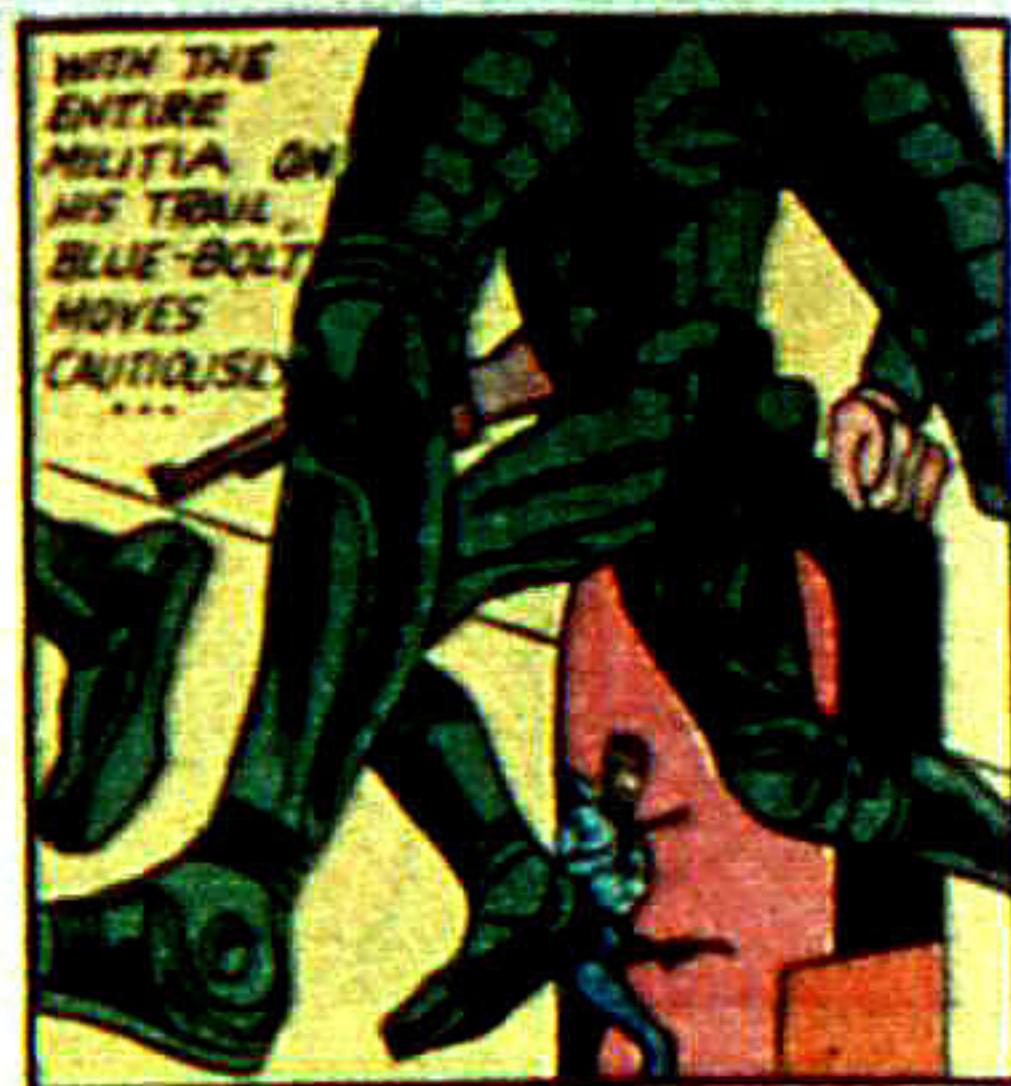
THE TRAITOROUS COUNT  
ANTHOR GAPES IN  
HORROR AT THE  
DESCENDING DOOM  
BEFORE HE IS  
CRUSHED INTO  
ETERNITY!



THE EXPLOSION RESOUNDS  
THROUGH THE ENTIRE PALACE  
AND THE CORRIDORS SWARM  
WITH STARTLED GUARDS.



MEANWHILE—  
THE GREEN  
SORCERESS  
REGAINS HER  
SENSES AS  
THE WARY  
BLUE BOLT  
PLANS  
ESCAPE.



# DICK COLE

WONDER - BOY !

VACATION TIME!  
WE FIND DICK HOME AT PROFESSOR BLAIR'S, AND LOOKING FORWARD TO A SUMMER OF FUN, FREEDOM AND ADVENTURE — A LIFE OF RILEY !!

**Daily Star** EXTRA

AT MORNING NEWSPAPER FOR ALL

## COLOSSUS, FAMOUS CIRCUS GORILLA, AT LARGE !!!

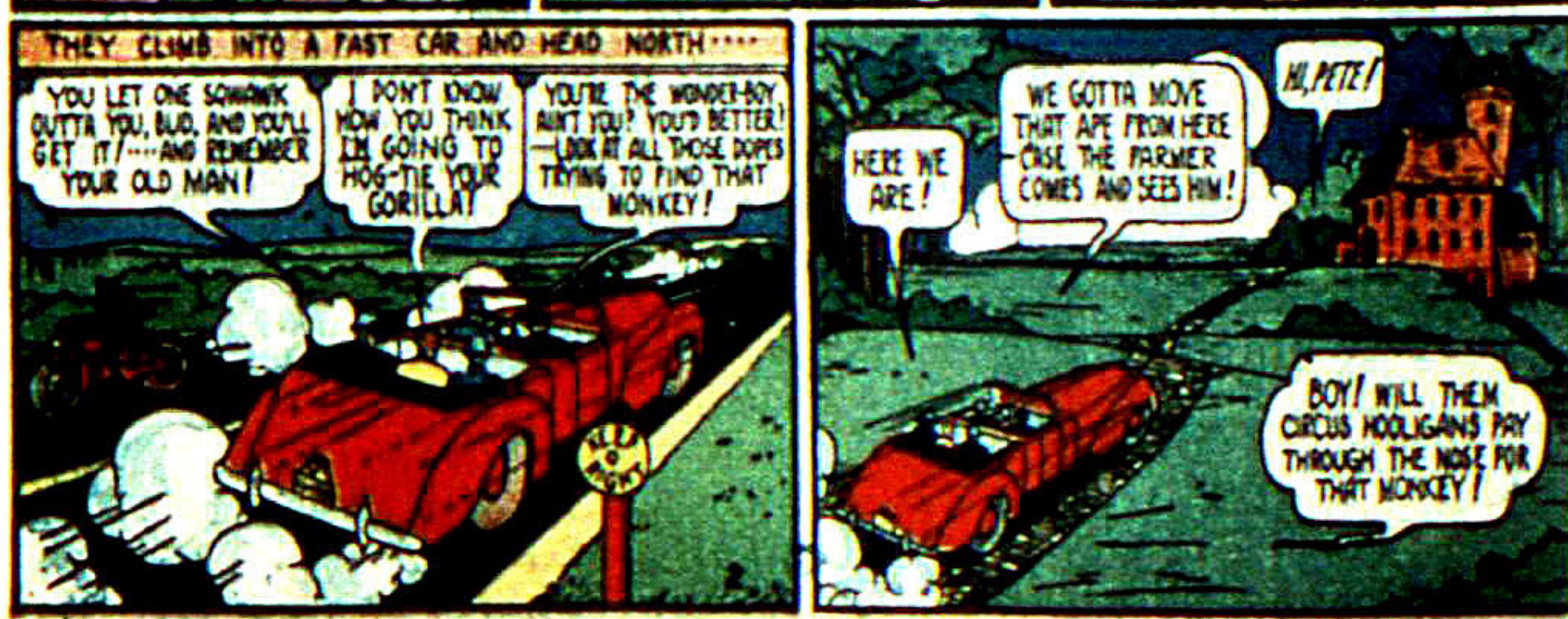
BREAKS OUT OF SPECIAL AIR-CONDITIONED CAGE WHILE CIRCUS TRAIN SPEEDS THROUGH NIGHT! OVERPOWERS KEEPER AND LEAPS TO FREEDOM!! COUNTRY SIDE TERRORIZED! THREE DEATHS DURING NIGHT!

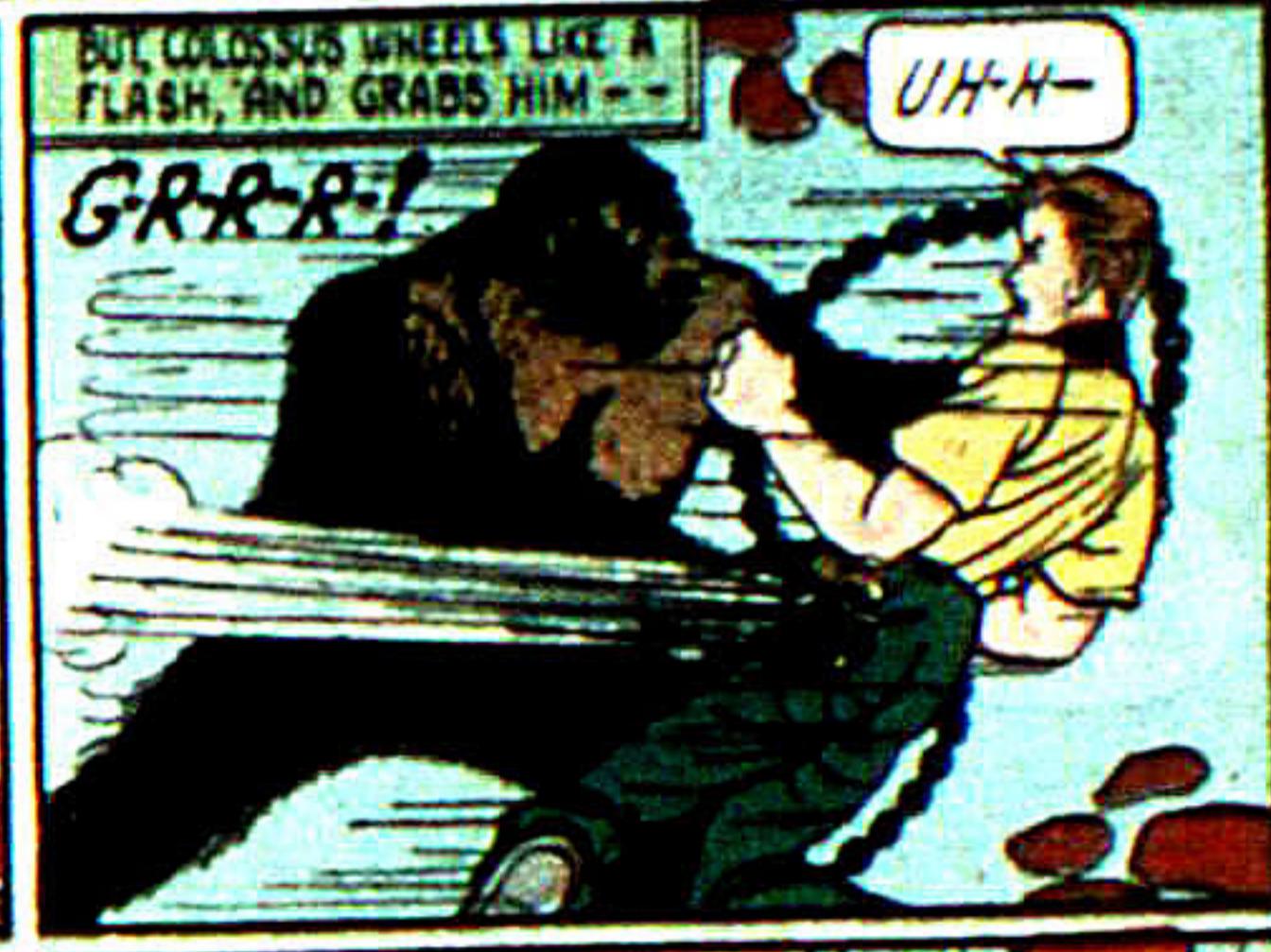
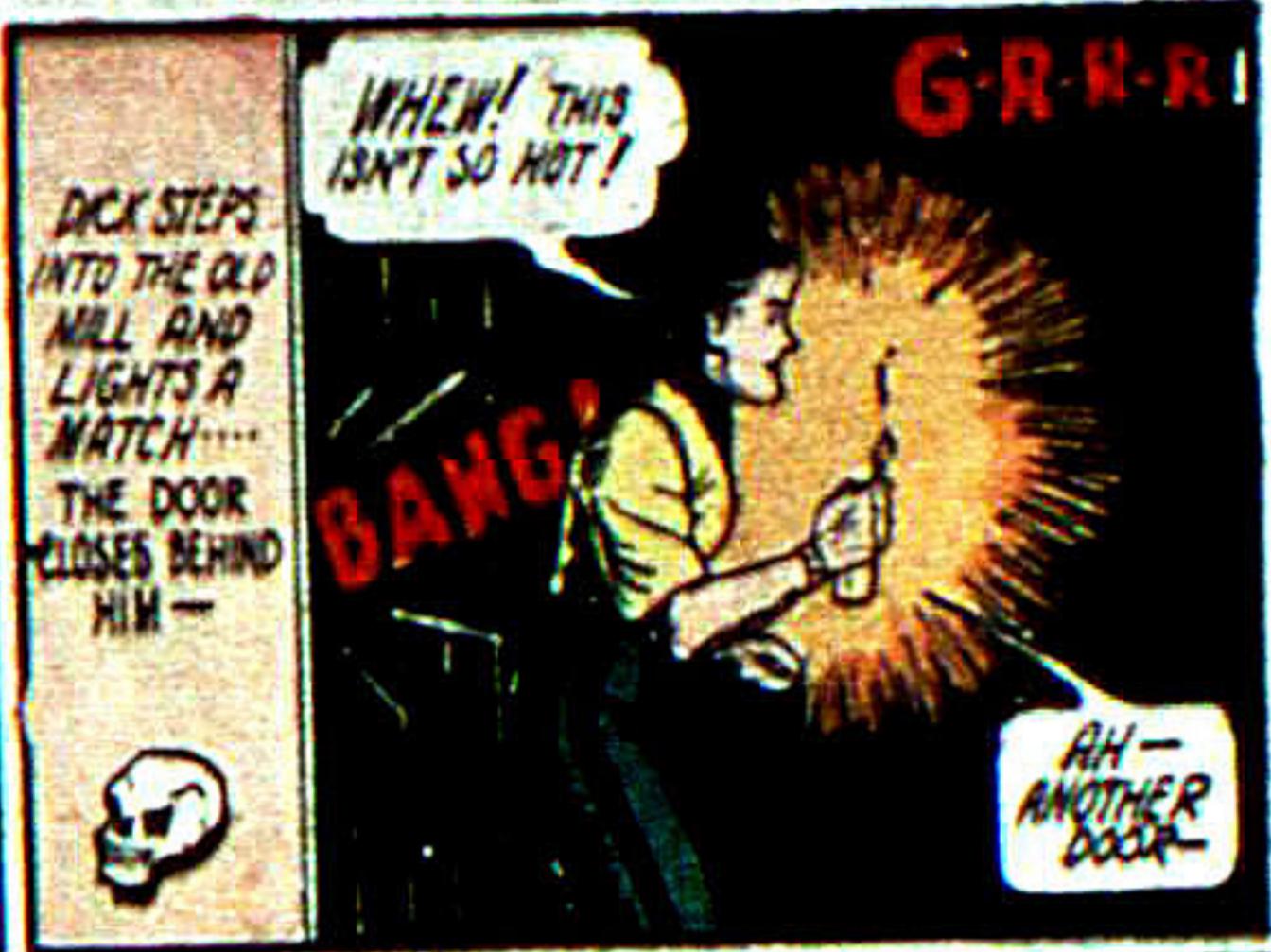
DICK COLE, WONDER-BOY, ACTS AGAIN!

NEW YORK, N.Y. (AP) Dick Cole, Wonder-Boy and Carnegie Medal winner, gave another exhibition of his super powers yesterday when he performed at the Winter Show.

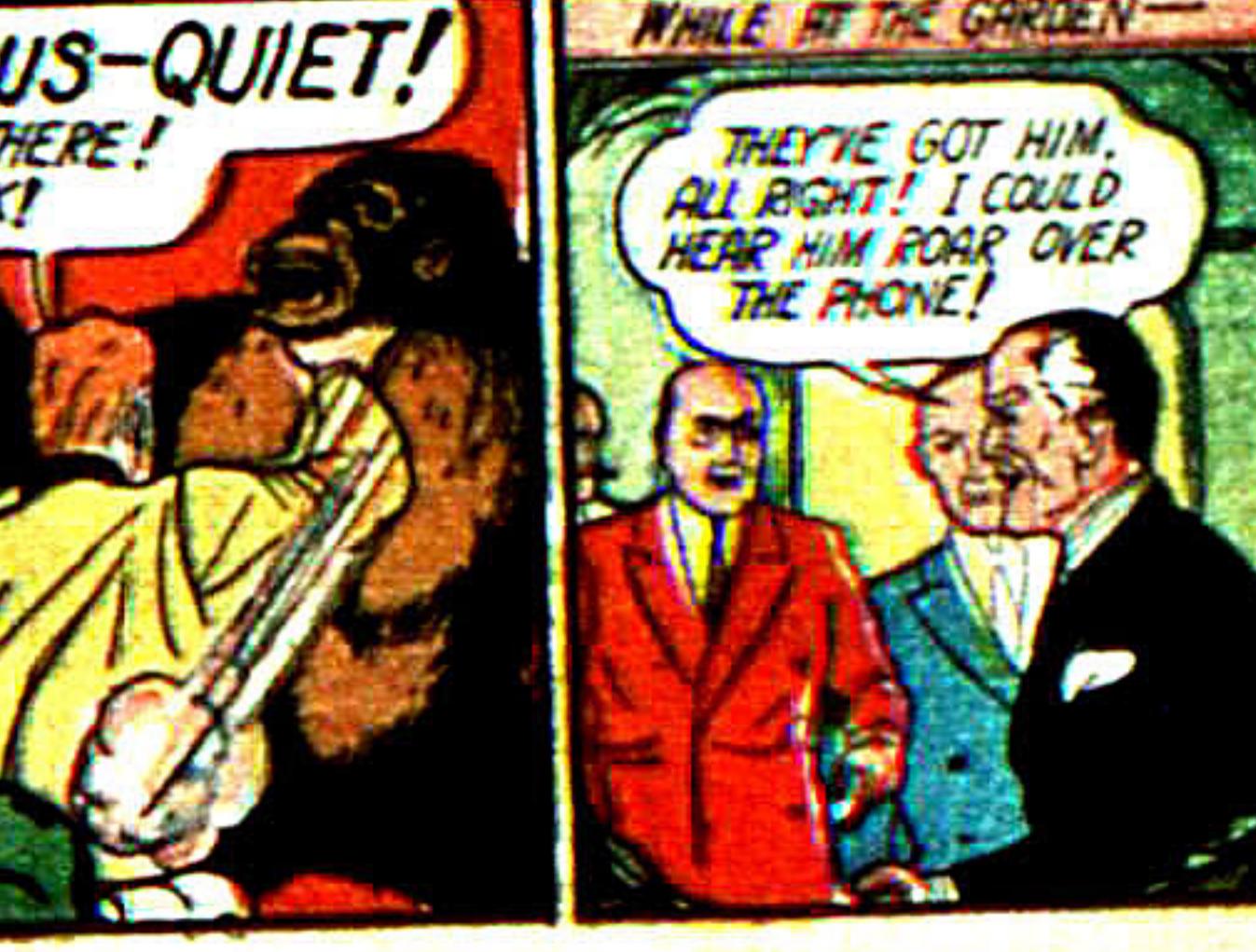
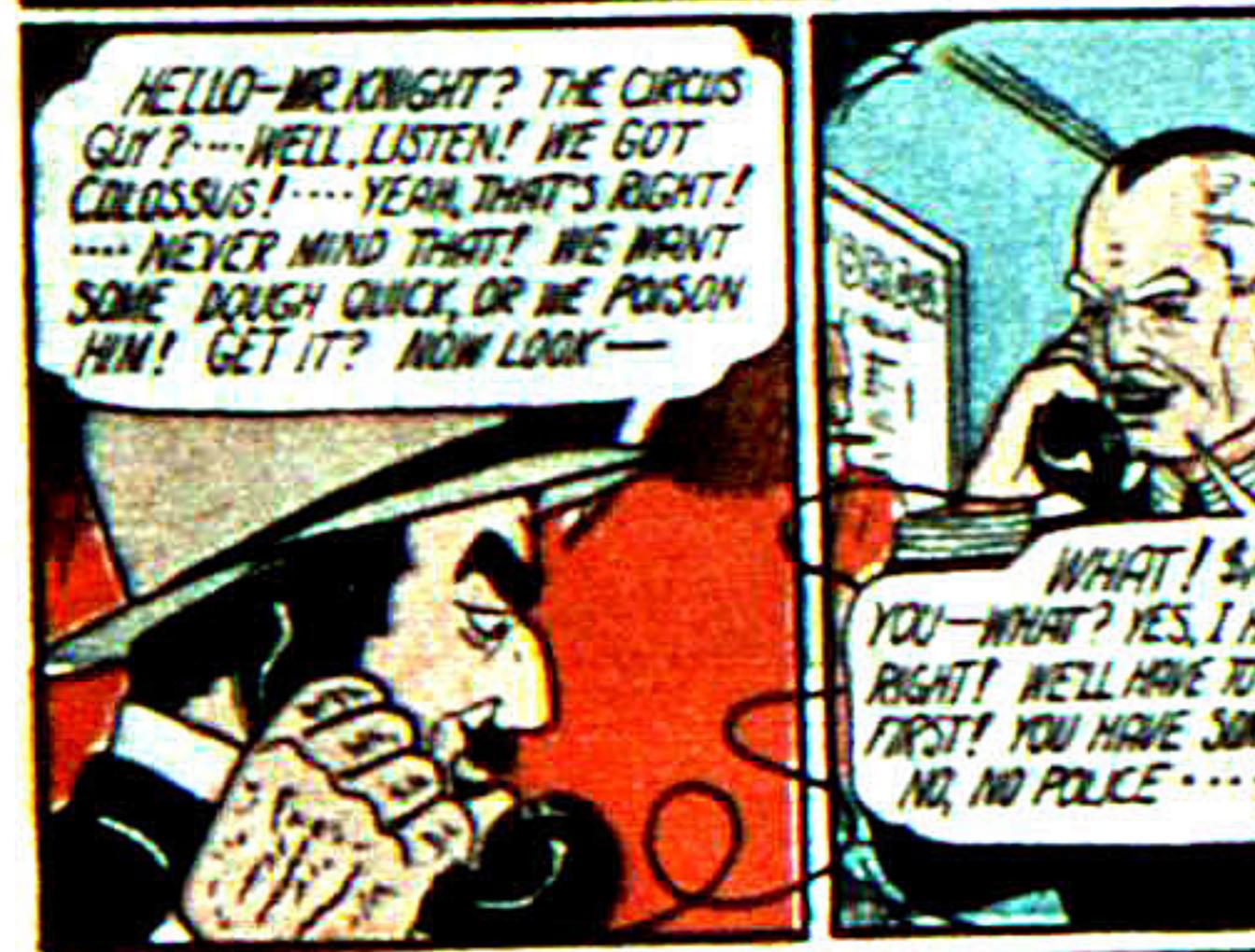
NEW YORK (AP) Police said whereabouts of famous \$30,000 animal were still unknown this morning. Biggest hunt since 1926.



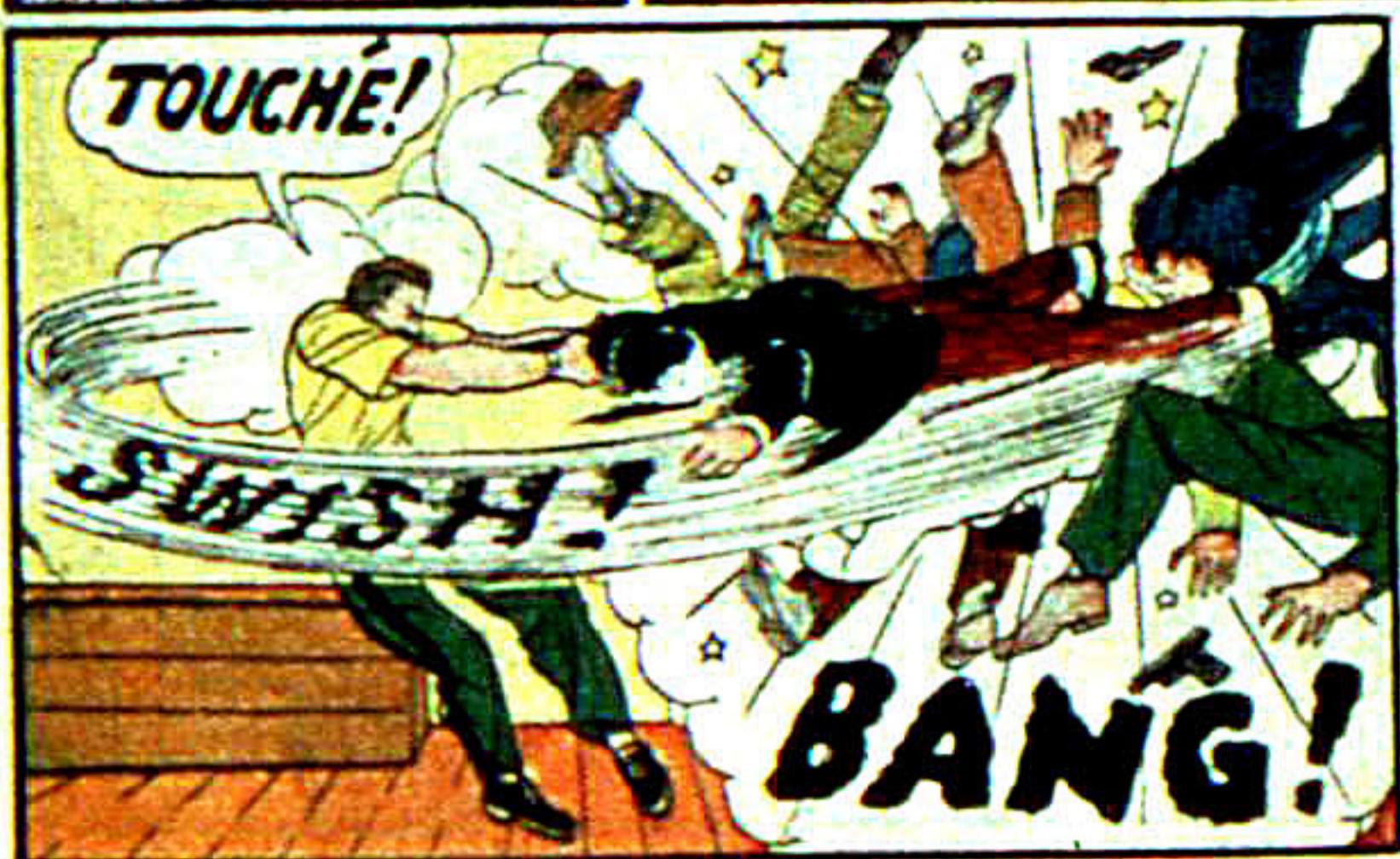












# The SUNNY WINTER PARK

THE SUB-ZERO MAN, WHO POSSESSES THE STRANGE POWER OF COMPLETE CONTROL OVER EXTREME COLD, HAS DECIDED TO SPEND HIS LIFE AIDING THE POLICE IN TRACKING DOWN RUTHLESS CRIMINALS AND RIDING THE WORLD OF ALL EVIL... TO DO THIS HE HAS CREATED A UNIQUE DISGUISE OF HIS OWN DESIGN...

By Harry ANTONETTE

THIS OUTFIT  
IS JUST THE THING FOR  
SPEED AND FREEDOM  
OF MOVEMENT!

NOW TO GET TO  
THE BOTTOM OF THIS  
WAVE OF MURDERS IN  
CHINATOWN!

THREE KILLED AND  
NO TRACE OF THE KILLER...  
JUST BROKEN BITS OF  
CHINESE POTTERY!

A man with short brown hair, wearing a red long-sleeved shirt and blue jeans, is sitting on a wooden chair. He is holding a long, thin object, possibly a pipe or a piece of wood, in his hands. He is looking towards the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. To the left, there is a window with a dark frame, and to the right, there is a red wooden table. The floor is made of light-colored wood planks.

## DOWN IN CHINATOWN...

HERE, MISSY. TAKE-  
QUICK!.. KEEP SAFE  
FOR OLD WONG!

WONG, WHAT'S  
THE MATTER?  
YOU'RE SHAKING  
LIKE A LEAF!

A color photograph of a man with a mustache, wearing a green long-sleeved shirt, holding a small child in a yellow shirt. They are standing in front of a white wall with a blue 'AHR' logo. The man is smiling and looking at the camera, while the child is looking down. The photo has a slightly grainy texture and is framed by a white border.

SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT AND WONG IS HIT...



JANE !  
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE ?

WONG WAS  
JUST SHOT ! HE'S DEAD !  
YOU MUST STOP THESE  
MURDERERS, SUB-ZERO !

YOU SAY WONG GAVE YOU  
THIS PACKAGE ? IT FEELS LIKE TWO  
VASES... QUICK, INTO A CAB !  
I'VE GOT A PLAN !



THEY KNOW YOU HAVE  
THESE VASES SO SOMEONE WILL  
TRY TO GET THEM !.. WE'LL SET  
A TRAP !



THERE WERE FIVE VASES  
LIKE THESE... THREE WERE  
BROKEN AND THEIR  
OWNERS FOUND DEAD...!  
WHY? NO ONE KNOWS...  
BUT WE'LL SOON FIND  
OUT !



THERE, I HID THE  
VASES AND MY COAT AND  
HAT... NOW YOU STAY  
HERE !



I'LL GO OUTSIDE  
AND WAIT FOR  
RESULTS !



HIGH ON A VERANDA OVERLOOKING THE GROUNDS,  
SUB-ZERO TAKES UP HIS WATCH...



SUDDENLY A DARK FIGURE RUNS TOWARD THE HOUSE.





AFTER A HASTY SEARCH  
OF THE HOUSE...

NO CAN  
FIND VASES!

WE HAVE STAYED TOO  
LONG ALREADY, TAKE THE  
GIRL AND SUB-ZERO... THE  
GREAT GREEN TURTLE WILL  
KNOW WHAT TO DO!

STOP!

DEEP DOWN IN CHINATOWN THEY ARE BROUGHT  
BEFORE THE GREAT GREEN TURTLE...

SO, THE VASES COULD  
NOT BE FOUND... MY FRIEND,  
SUB-ZERO, HAS MEDDLED ONCE  
TOO OFTEN!

PUT HIM IN THE  
TANK WITH MY PET,  
TOTO!

A CURTAIN IS DRAWN  
ASIDE REVEALING AN  
ENORMOUS MAN-EATING  
SHARK IN A GREAT GLASS  
TANK...

AH, HE WILL MAKE A  
TASTY MORSEL FOR TOTO...  
PUT HIM IN THE TANK!  
TOTO HAS HAD NO  
FOOD IN DAYS!

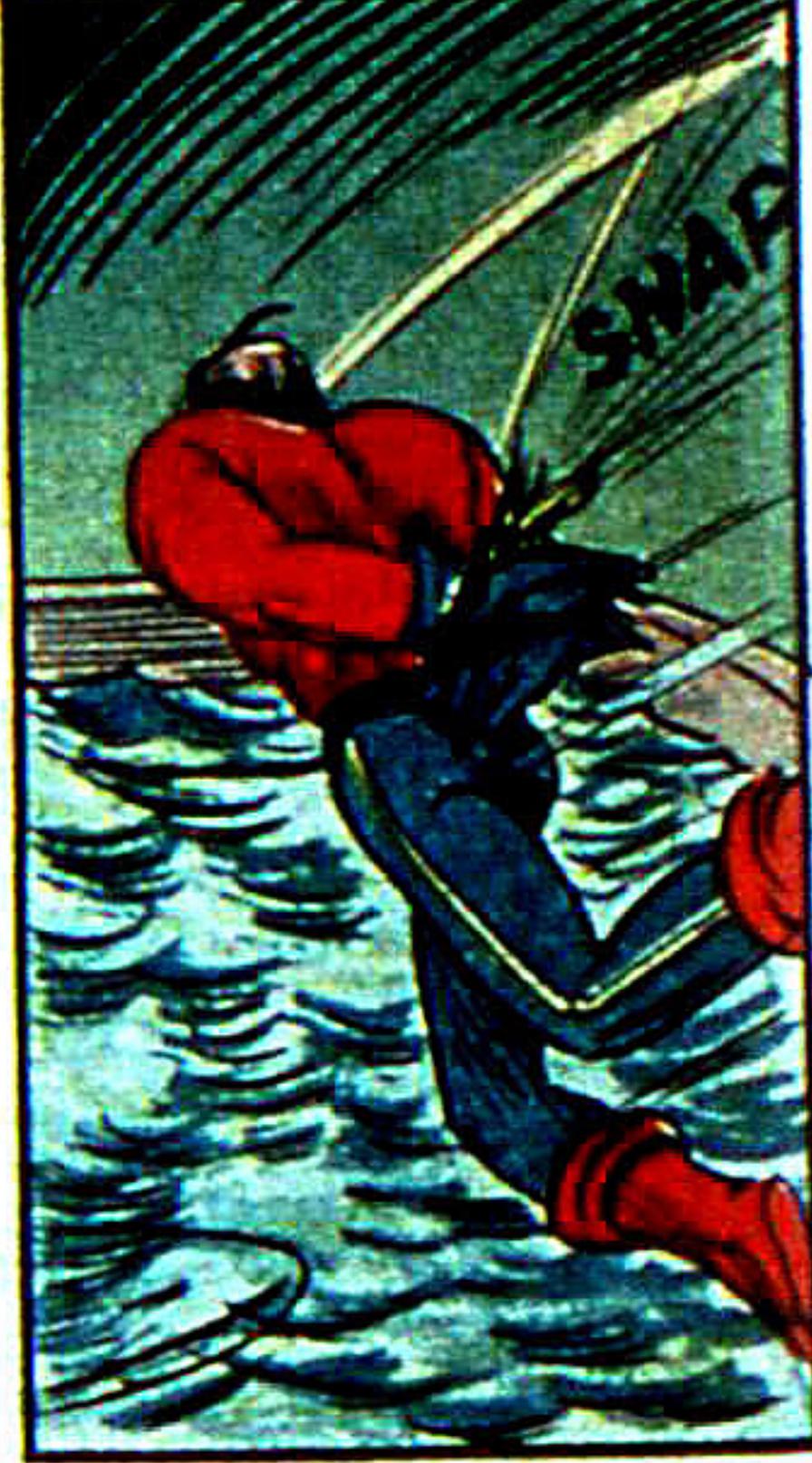
OH...  
LOOK!

SUB-ZERO IS BROUGHT TO A PLATFORM ABOVE THE TANK...

NOW, PUSH HIM IN AND WE SHALL WATCH THE FUN!

STOP!  
YOU MURDERERS!

AS SUB-ZERO FALLS HE COMES OUT OF THE DRUGGED STUPOR AND-FREEZING HIS WRISTS-BREAKS THE BONDS...



AS HE HITS THE WATER WITH A SPLASH HE REACHES OUT ONE HAND...

I CAME OUT OF THE GAS EFFECTS JUST IN TIME!

...AND GRABS A BIT OF WATER THAT FREEZES INTO AN ICICLE DAGGER...



QUICKLY THE SHARK DIVES FOR THE KILL...



SUB-ZERO DODGES UNDER THE SHARK, AIMING FOR A VITAL SPOT...



...AND PLUNGES HIS ICE DAGGER DEEP INTO THE HEART OF THE VICIOUS MAN EATER...



IMPOSSIBLE...HE'S KILLED MY PET... HE SHALL PAY... QUICK, EMPTY THE TANK!



SUDDENLY THE BOTTOM DROPS OUT OF THE TANK...



SUB-ZERO PLUNGES HEADLONG DOWN INTO A BRICK-LINED PIT...



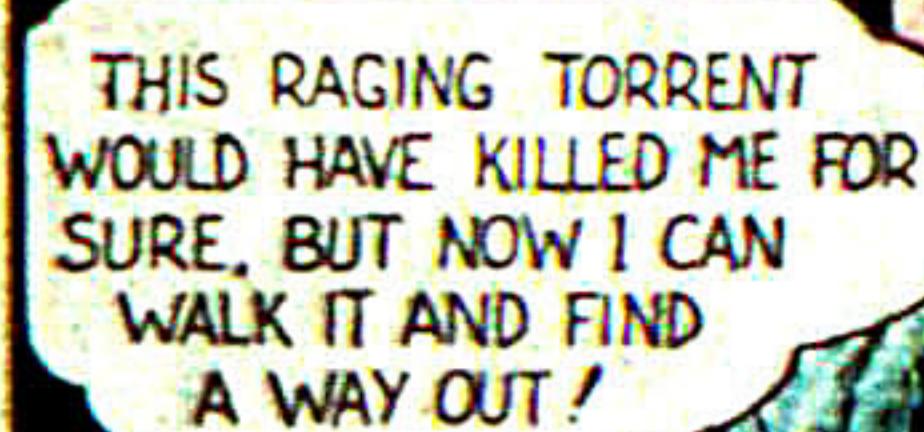
THAT IS THE END OF SUB-ZERO! HE WILL NEVER BOTHER US AGAIN...! THE RAGING UNDERGROUND RIVER BELOW WILL DASH HIM TO BITS!



BUT AS SUB-ZERO FALLS HE SENDS OUT A COLD WAVE...



...FREEZING THE RAGING UNDERGROUND RIVER SOLID... THEN LANDS ON THE DEAD SHARK-BREAKING HIS FALL...



AN OPENING, AT LAST! NOW TO FIND THEIR HIDE-OUT AND RESCUE JANE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!





A LONE CHINESE DASHES OUT OF THE BUILDING...

WHAT GOING ON?  
OH... TONG AND WING-  
OUT COLD!

ICICLE ON CHIN...  
SUB-ZERO MAN STILL  
ALIVE!

ME TELL BOSS  
QUICK!

OH NO YOU  
DON'T, CHINA-BOY!

I'LL TELL  
YOUR HEAD MAN  
IN MY OWN  
LITTLE WAY!

OH!

## MEANTIME-INSIDE...

MY MEN SHOULD RETURN SOON...  
IF THEY FOUND NO VASES YOU  
SHALL SUFFER THE TORTURES  
OF A THOUSAND DEATHS!

NO!  
NO!

THIS TIME NO SUB-ZERO  
MAN SHALL HELP YOU OR  
MEDdle INTO MY AFFAIRS!

SUDDENLY A COLD BLAST WHIPS THROUGH THE ROOM...

## WHAT'S THIS?

Whoopee Zoo



IT'S THE  
SIGN OF  
THE SUB-  
ZERO MAN!!



AS THE COLD WAVE FREEZES THE LEADER IT ALSO SHATTERS THE IDOL BEHIND HIM...



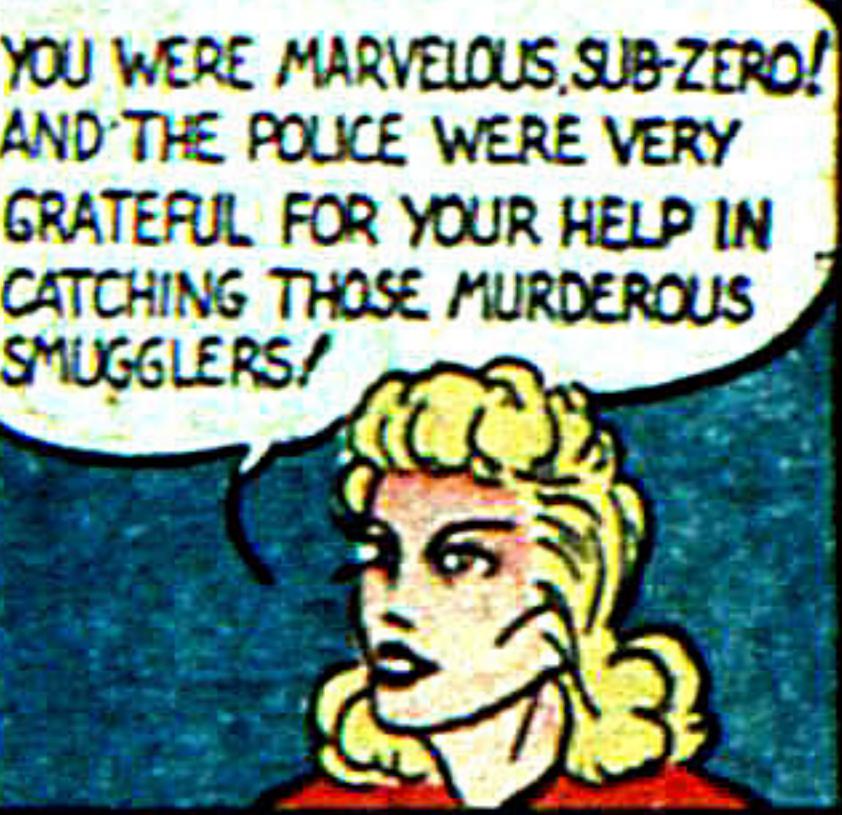
...AND A STREAM OF GEMS POURS OUT OF THE IDOL...



LOOK, JANE, MILLIONS IN SMUGGLED JEWELS!!! THE POLICE WILL BE GLAD TO GET THIS BAND OF SMUGGLERS!



BACK AT JANE'S HOME...



BUT WHY WERE THEY SO ANXIOUS TO GET THOSE VASES?

I HID THEM UP IN THIS FIREPLACE... I'LL SHOW YOU THE REASON... WHOOPS!



ONE OF THE VASES FALLS AND BREAKS AND A LARGE RUBY APPEARS...



THAT'S THE REASON... THE PRICELESS RUBY OF THE GREAT MING-TOY IDOL... THEY WANTED IT AT ANY COST!

OH!



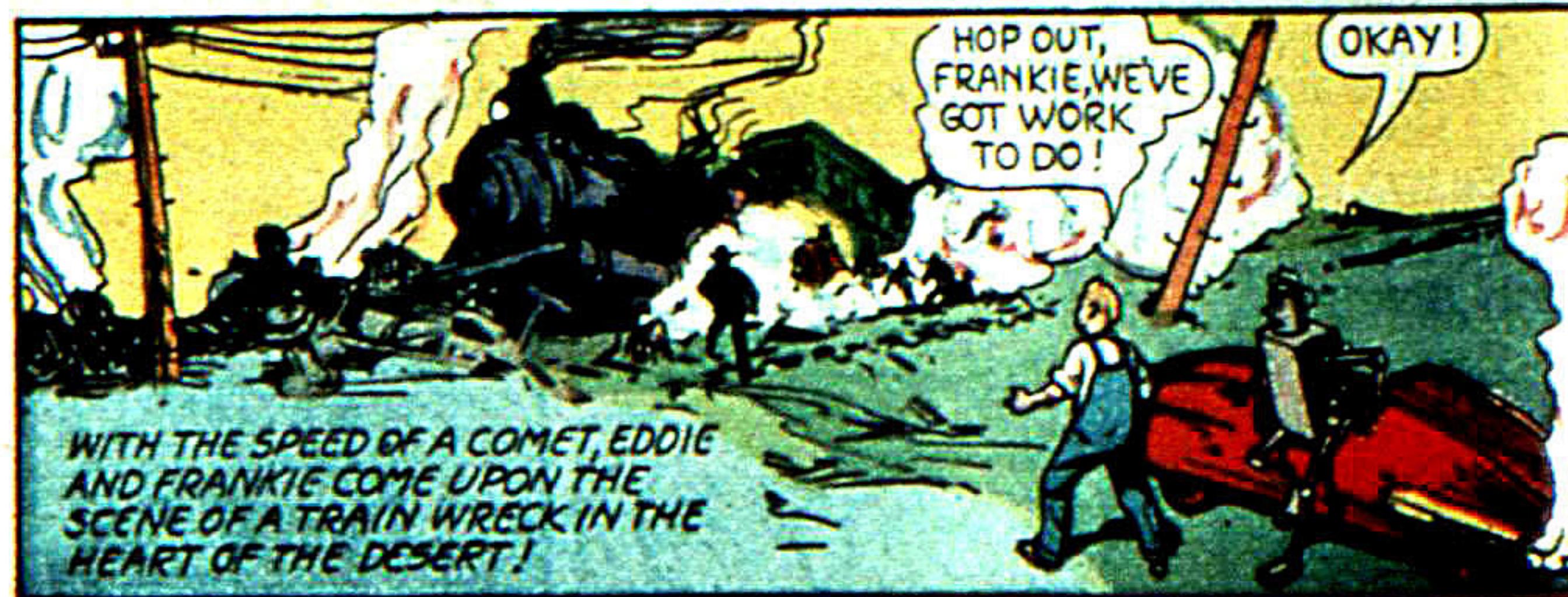
IT'S YOURS... YOU KEEP IT AS A MEMENTO OF THIS STRANGE ADVENTURE!



FOLLOW THIS THRILLING CHARACTER IN FUTURE ISSUES OF

**BLUE BOLT**

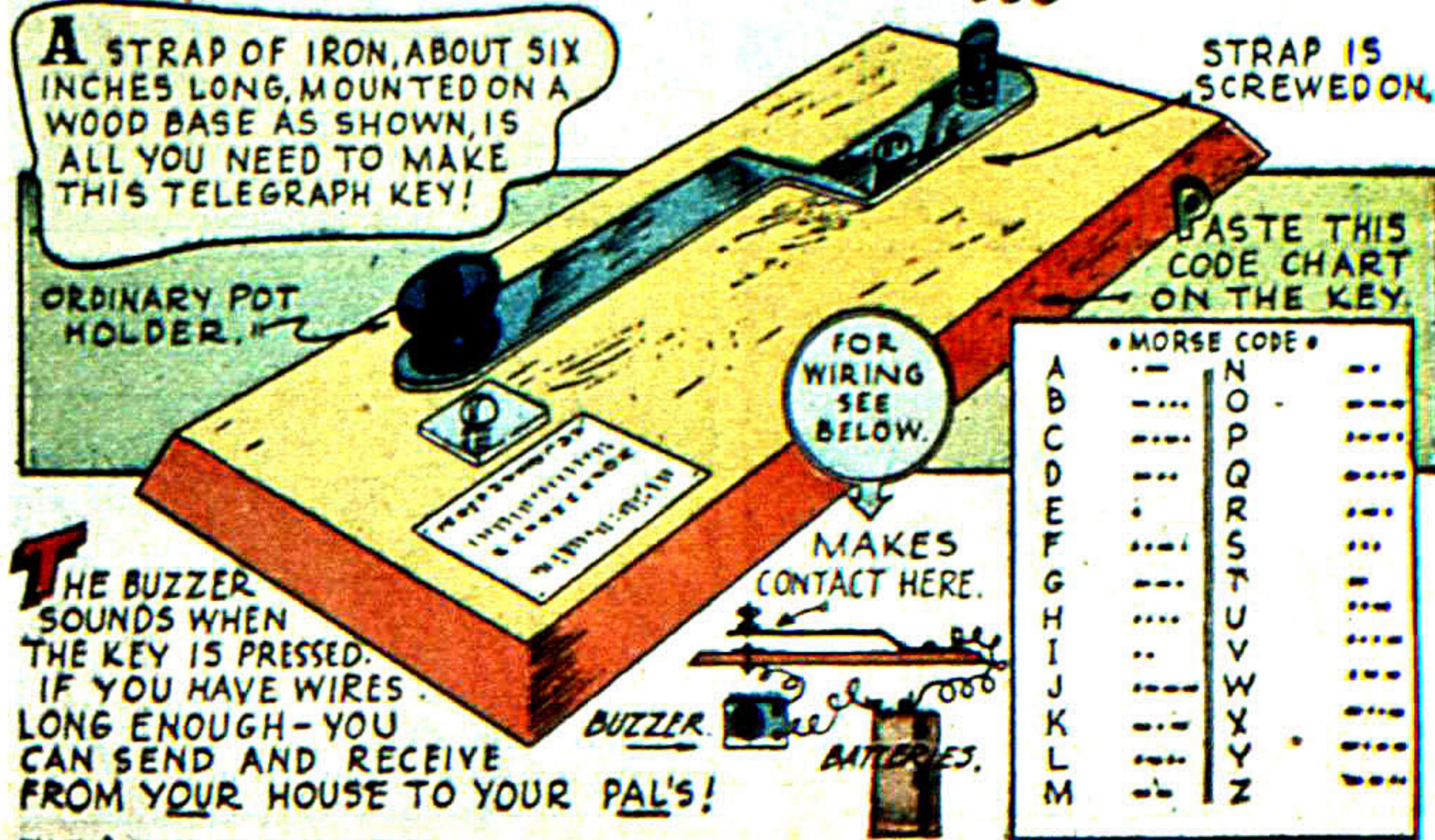
# EDISON BELLY





## MAKE THIS WORKING MODEL OF EDDIE BELL'S TELEGRAPH SET

HERE'S A SIMPLE TELEGRAPH KEY THAT **YOU** CAN MAKE!



# THE WHITE RIDER AND SUPER HORSE

SUPERHORSE AND THE WHITE RIDER PAUSE TO WATCH A TORRENT OF WATER— CAUSED BY A CLOUD BURST— RACE DOWN THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN.

STREAMING DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE, JUST BEYOND THE PASS, THE HUGE WALL OF WATER WASHES AWAY A PORTION OF THE ROAD TO WILKS BURG.

THE STAGE COACH, CLOUD! I'D BETTER WARN THEM BEFORE THEY TURN THE BEND, OR THEY'LL ALL BE KILLED!

NOT FAR FROM THE CLOUDBURST, HEADED FOR WILKS BURG, COMES THE WEEKLY STAGE COACH, ACCOMPANIED BY TWO OUTRIDERS.

RACING DOWN THE SLOPE UNTIL OPPOSITE THE WILKS BURG PASS, SUPERHORSE LEAPS THE FORTY-FOOT GAP THAT SEPARATES THE TWO MOUNTAINS, LANDING A FEW HUNDRED FEET BEYOND THE COACH.

THEY'RE JUST AHEAD, CLOUD. LET'S GO!

IN SPITE OF THE HEAVY MUD  
ON THE ROAD, SUPERHORSE SOON  
OVERTAKES THE COACH.

STOP!  
THERE'S  
DANGER  
AHEAD!

WHOA! WHOA,  
CONRAD YE!



DID YOU SEE THE  
SPEED OF THAT HORSE?

I  
DID!

WHAT'S  
THE  
TROUBLE?

THE ROAD IS WASHED OUT JUST  
AROUND THE BEND AND  
THE WATER IS STILL  
FALLING!

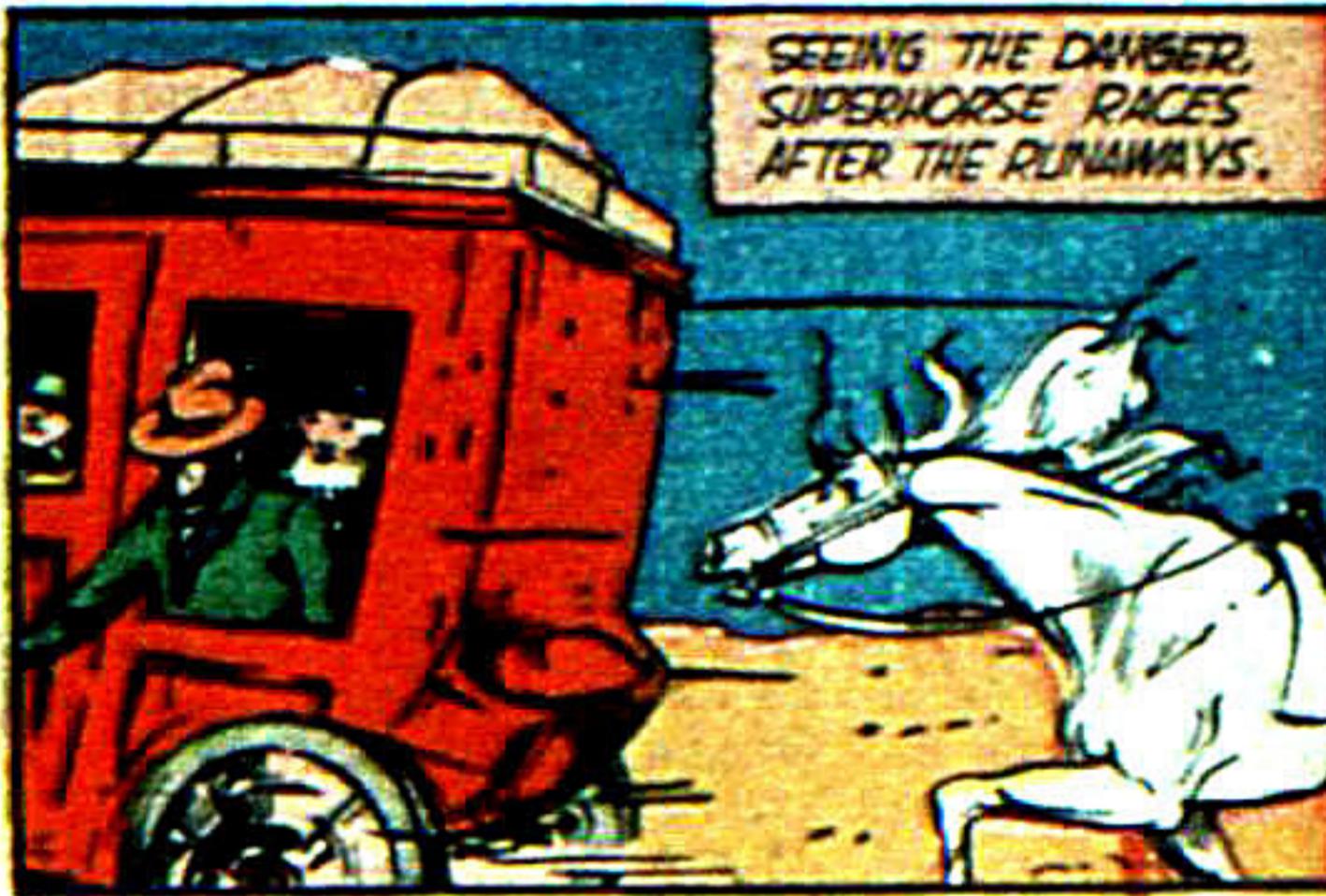


SUDDENLY AN AVALANCHE OF STONE ROARS DOWN  
THE MOUNTAINSIDE. THE HORSES, ALREADY NERVOUS,  
BECOME STRICKEN WITH FEAR  
AND BOLT, HURLING THEIR  
DRIVER FROM THE SEAT.

WHOA!



SEEING THE DANGER,  
SUPERHORSE RACES  
AFTER THE RUNAWAYS.

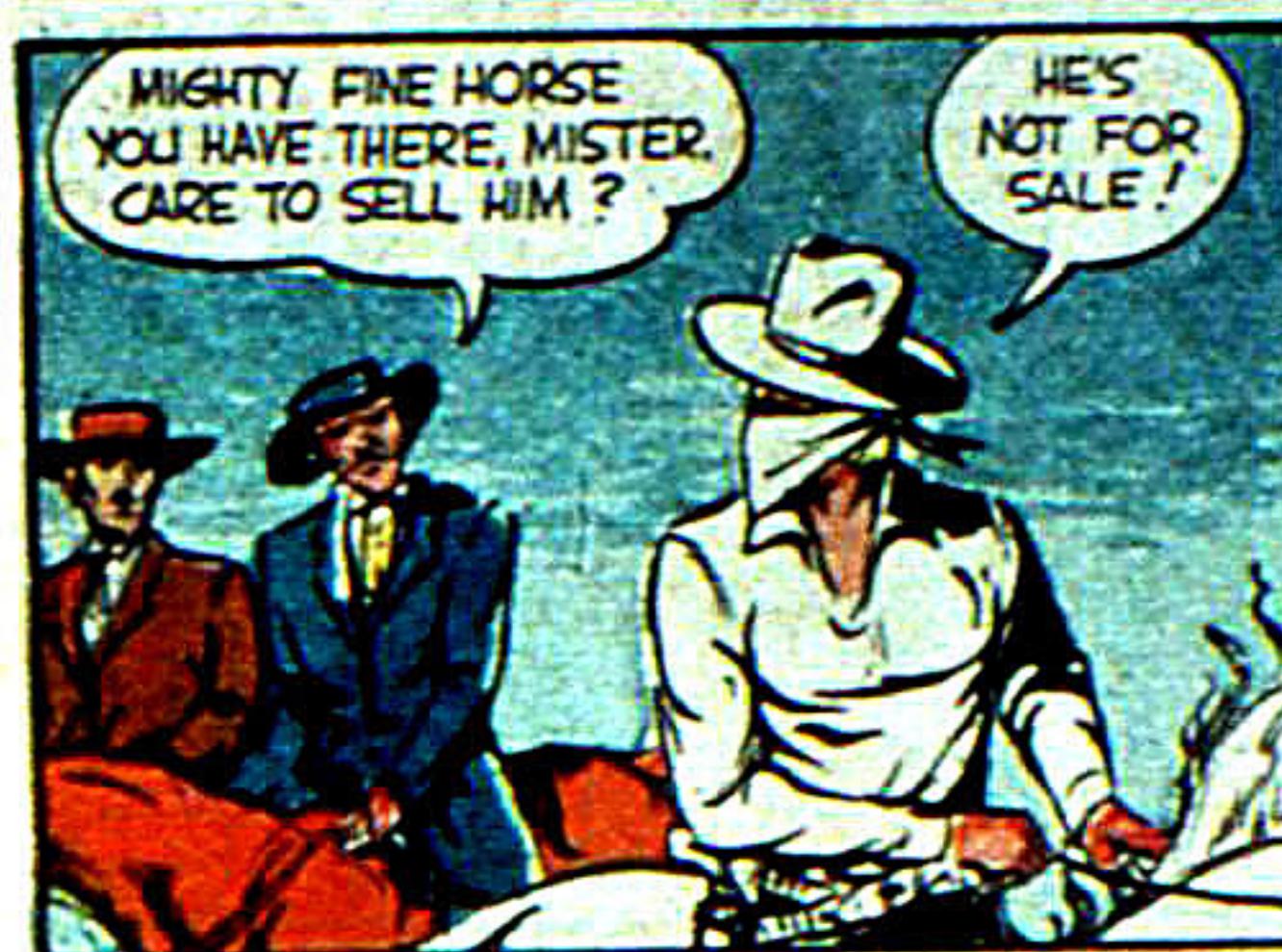


HE FORCES THEM UP AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE  
MOUNTAIN -



-BRINGING THEM TO A HALT BARELY IN TIME TO SAVE THEM  
AND THE PASSENGERS -

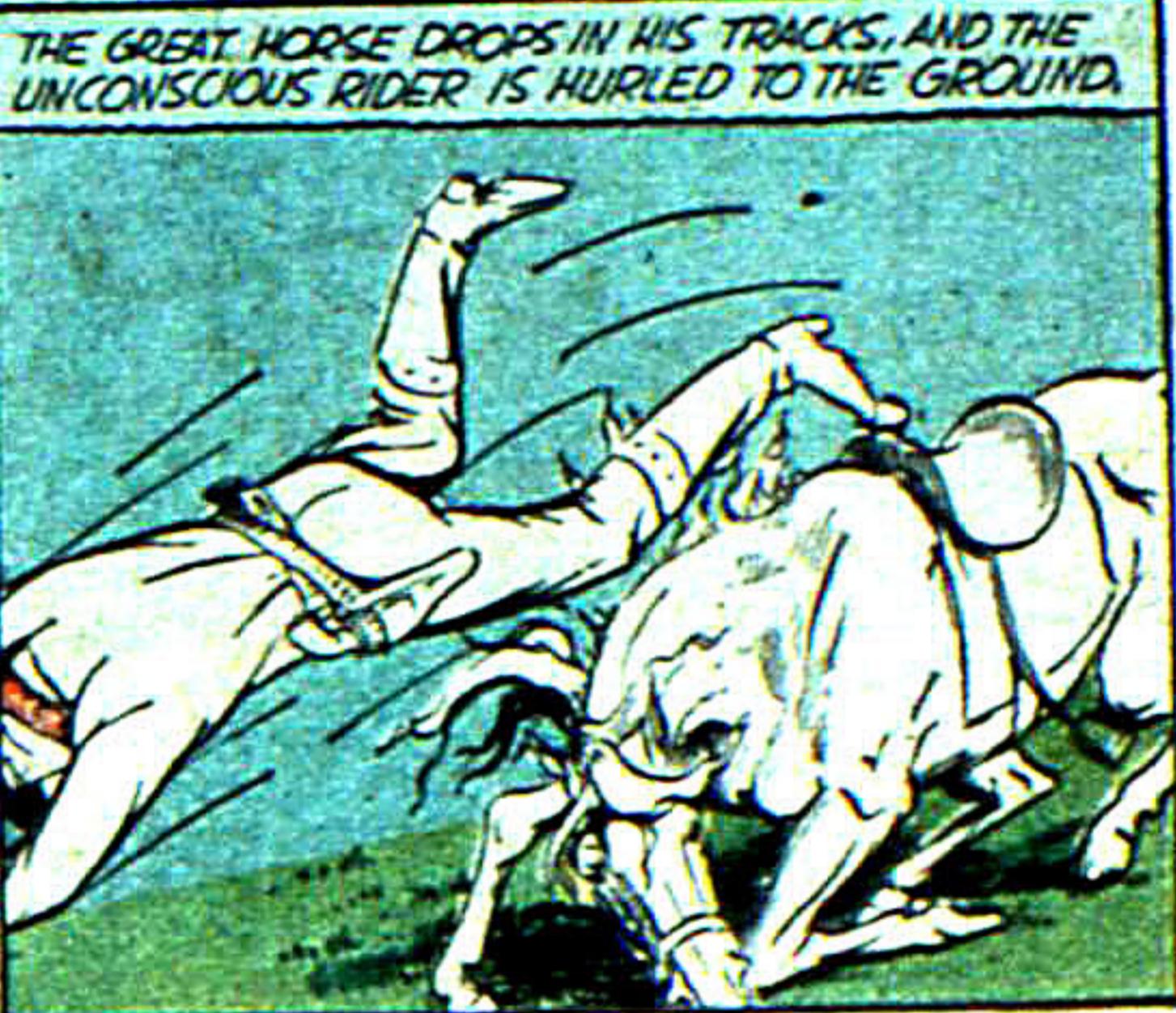




THE TWO GAMBLERS TAKE A SHORT CUT TO THE VALLEY AND—

HERE HE COMES!  
YOU TAKE THE HORSE  
AND I'LL TAKE THE RIDER.

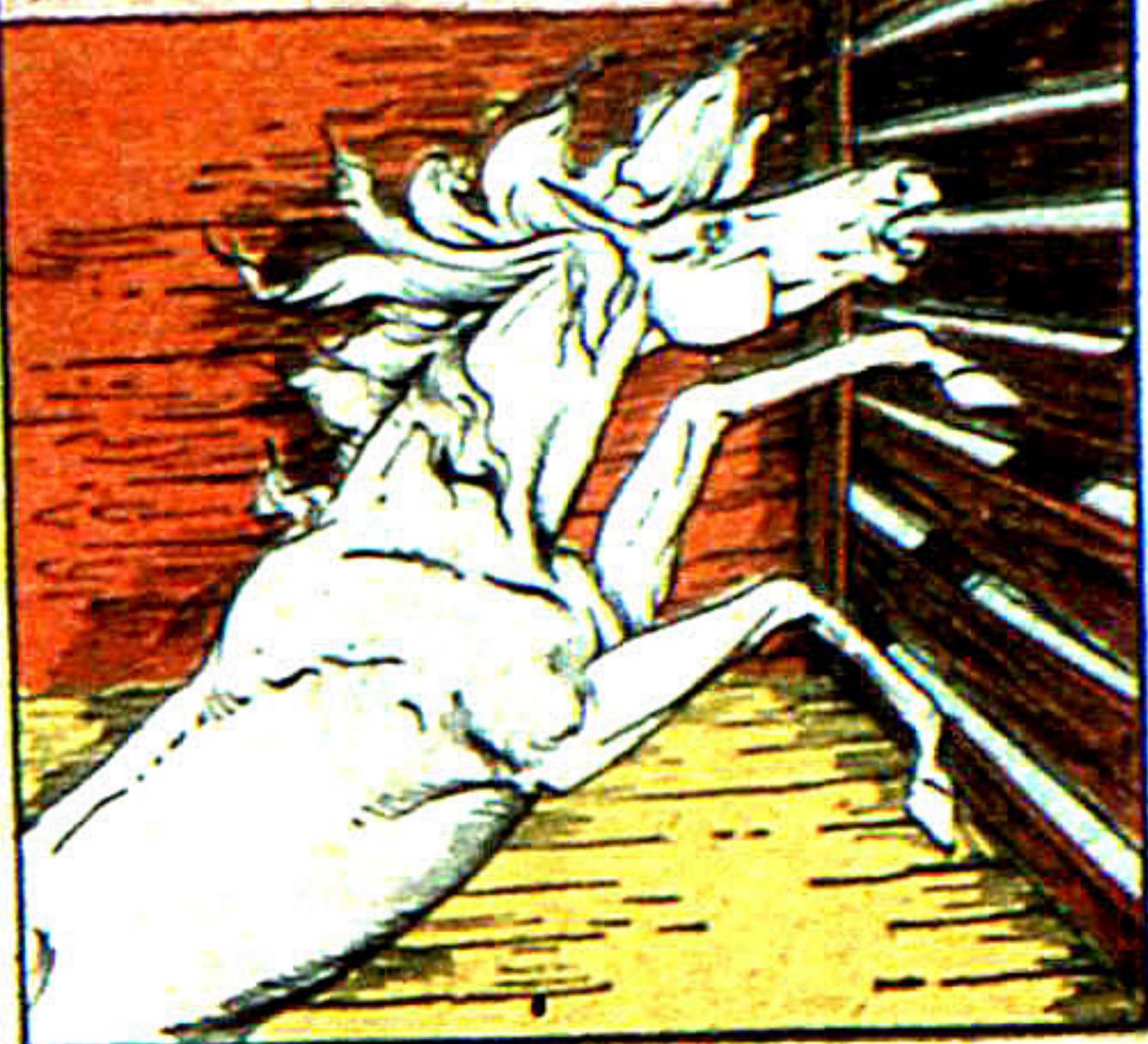
AS SOON AS WHITE RIDER AND SUPER-HORSE APPEAR, THE OUT RIDERS START HURLING HUGE STONES. ONE OF THEM HITS THE RIDER, AND ANOTHER —

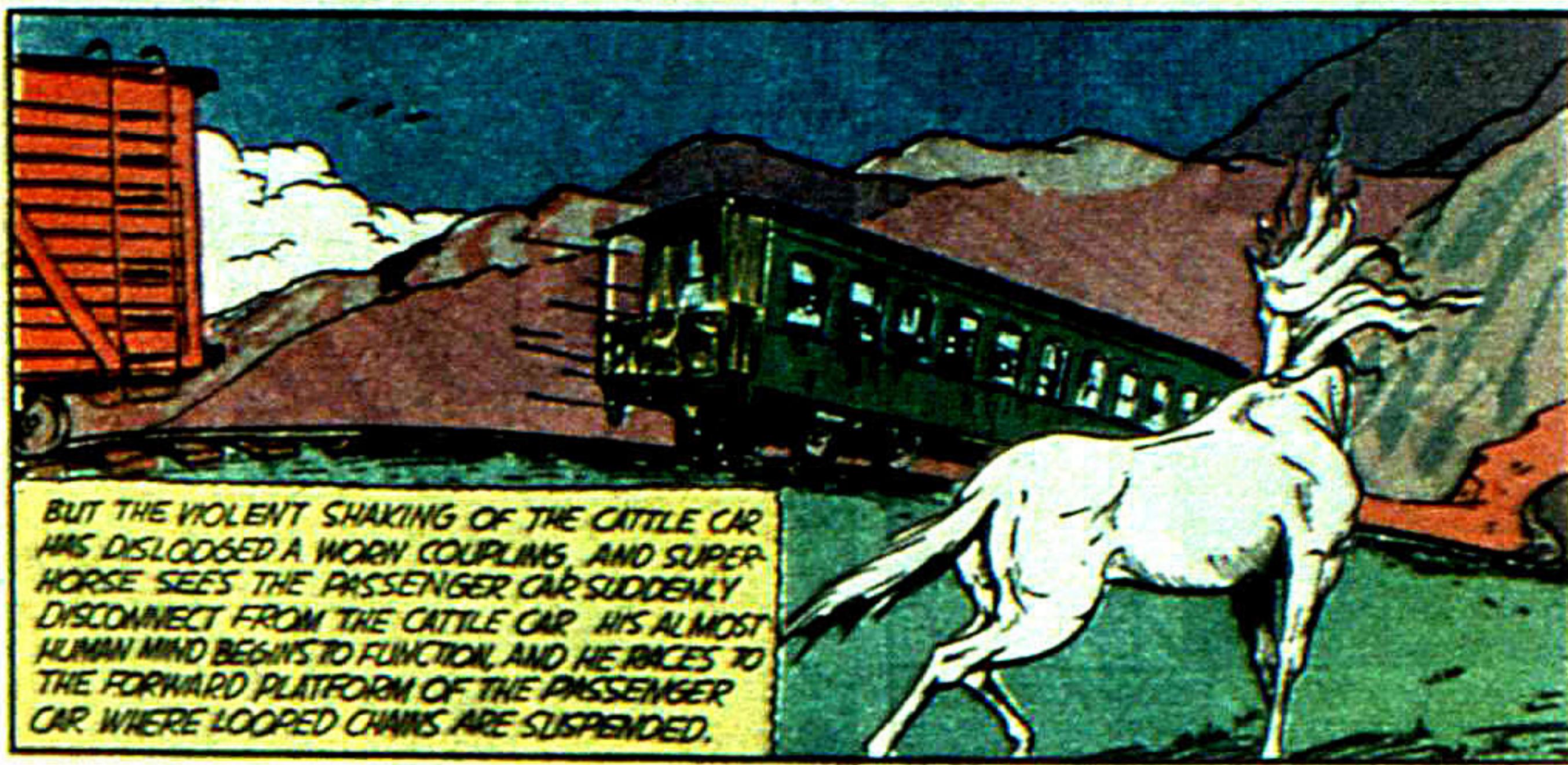
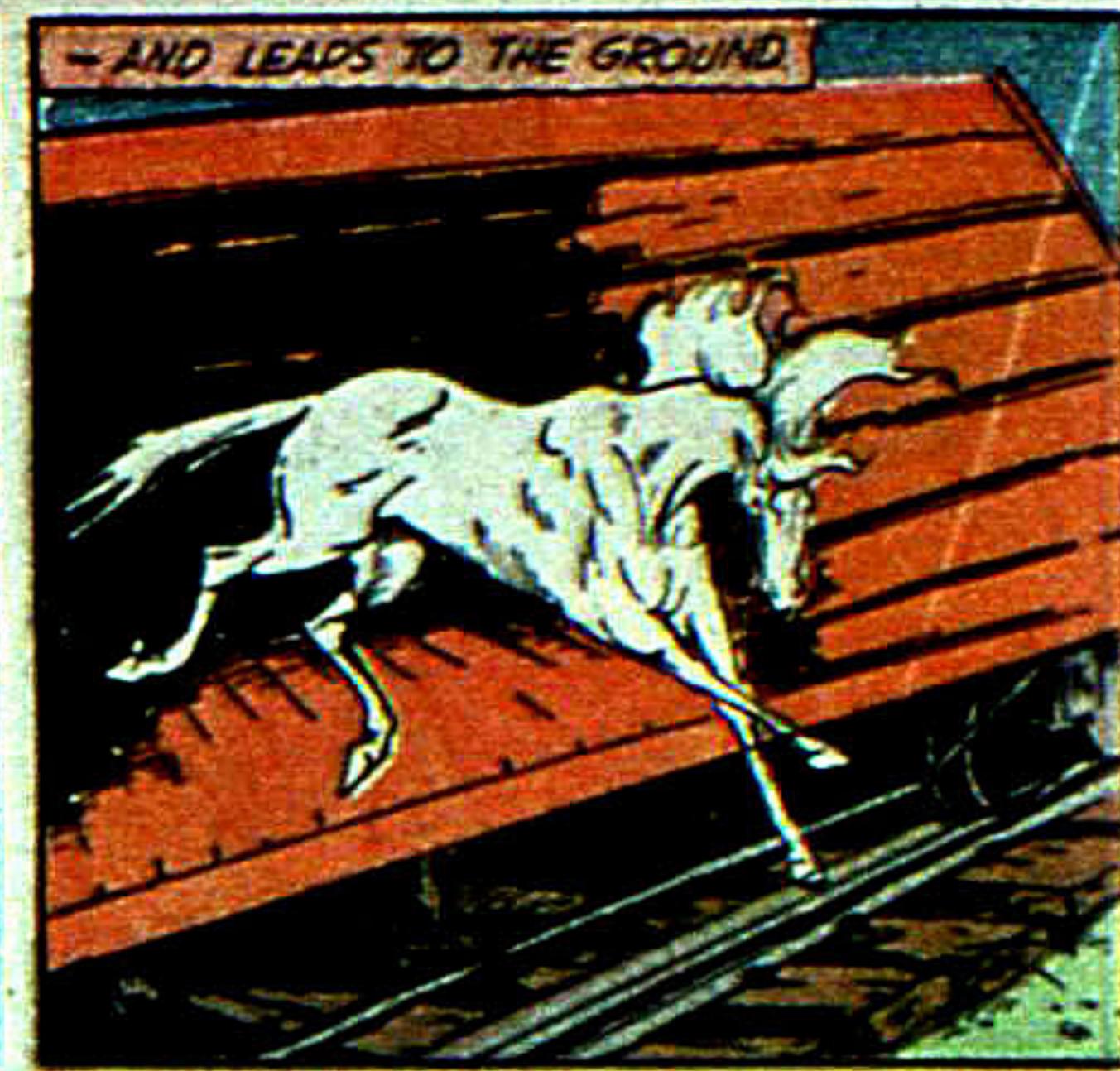
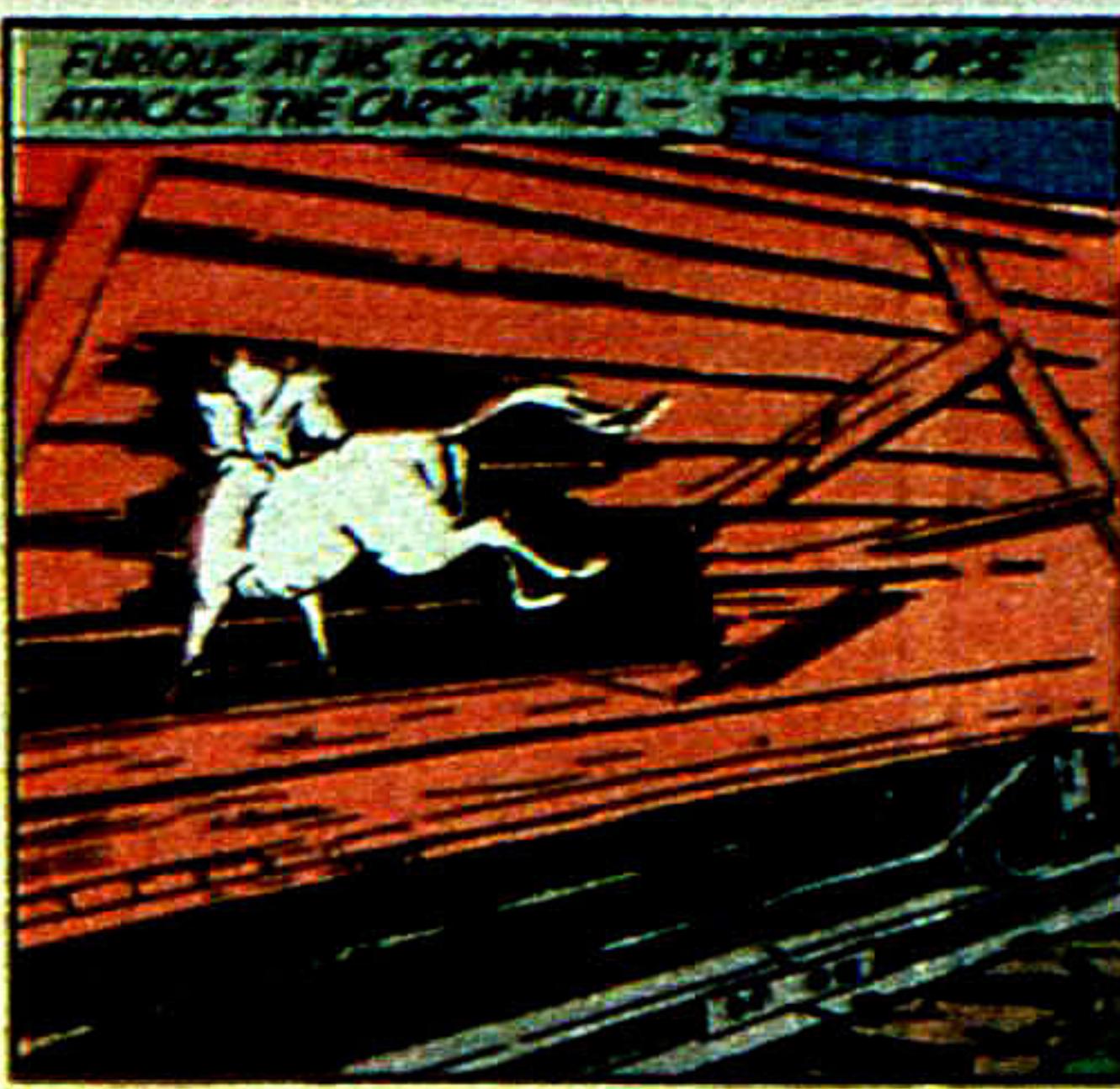


STRIKES CLOUD ON THE SIDE OF THE HEAD WITH PARALYZING FORCE.



THE GAMBLERS ARE SUCCESSFUL IN STOPPING THE TRAIN, AND LATER, SUPERHORSE COMES TO INSIDE AN EMPTY CATTLE CAR.





BUT THE VIOLENT SHAKING OF THE CATTLE CAR HAS DISLODGED A WORN COUPLING, AND SUPERHORSE SEES THE PASSENGER CAR SUDDENLY DISCONNECT FROM THE CATTLE CAR. HIS ALMOST HUMAN MIND BEGINS TO FUNCTION, AND HE RACES TO THE FORWARD PLATFORM OF THE PASSENGER CAR WHERE LOOPED CHAINS ARE SUSPENDED.



AND STRAINING HIS GREAT MUSCLES, HE BRINGS THE CAR TO A HALT- THEN SLOWLY DRAWS IT UP-GRADE TO LEVEL GROUND.

THE GAMBLERS HURRY FROM THE PASSENGER CAR.

DRAST THE LUCK! WE GOTTA CAPTURE HIM AGAIN! COME ON!

SUPERHORSE, TURNING TO GO BACK TO HIS MASTER, SEES THE GAMBLERS -

- AND ATTACKS THEM.

KNOCKING ONE SENSELESS, SUPERHORSE SEIZES THE OTHER AND CARRIES HIM DODILY AWAY.

THE SNAKE COILS A FEW FEET AWAY, READY TO STRIKE!

BUT JUST AT THAT MOMENT, SUPERHORSE ARRIVES ON A BANK ABOVE -

AND, SEEING HIS MASTERS IN PERIL, HE'S THE  
STARTLED GAMBLER DOWN ON THE SNAKE -  
CRUSHING IT.



THEN HE FORCES THE  
TERRIFIED GAMBLER TO  
UNTIE THE RIDER.



BINDING THE PRISONER, THE WHITE RIDER MOUNTS  
SUPERHORSE, AND THEY HEAD BACK TOWARD WILSBURG.

KEEP  
MOVIN'!



A SHORT WHILE LATER THEY  
FIND THE OTHER GAMBLER,  
LIMPING ALONG THE TRAIL  
TOWARD TOWN.



AND SOME TIME LATER -  
AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE -

SAY - THESE ARE THE  
FELLERS WANTED FOR  
HOSS-STEALING OVER IN  
MESQUITE COUNTY?

HEY, HANK!  
THAT WHITE  
RIDER IS  
LEAVIN'!

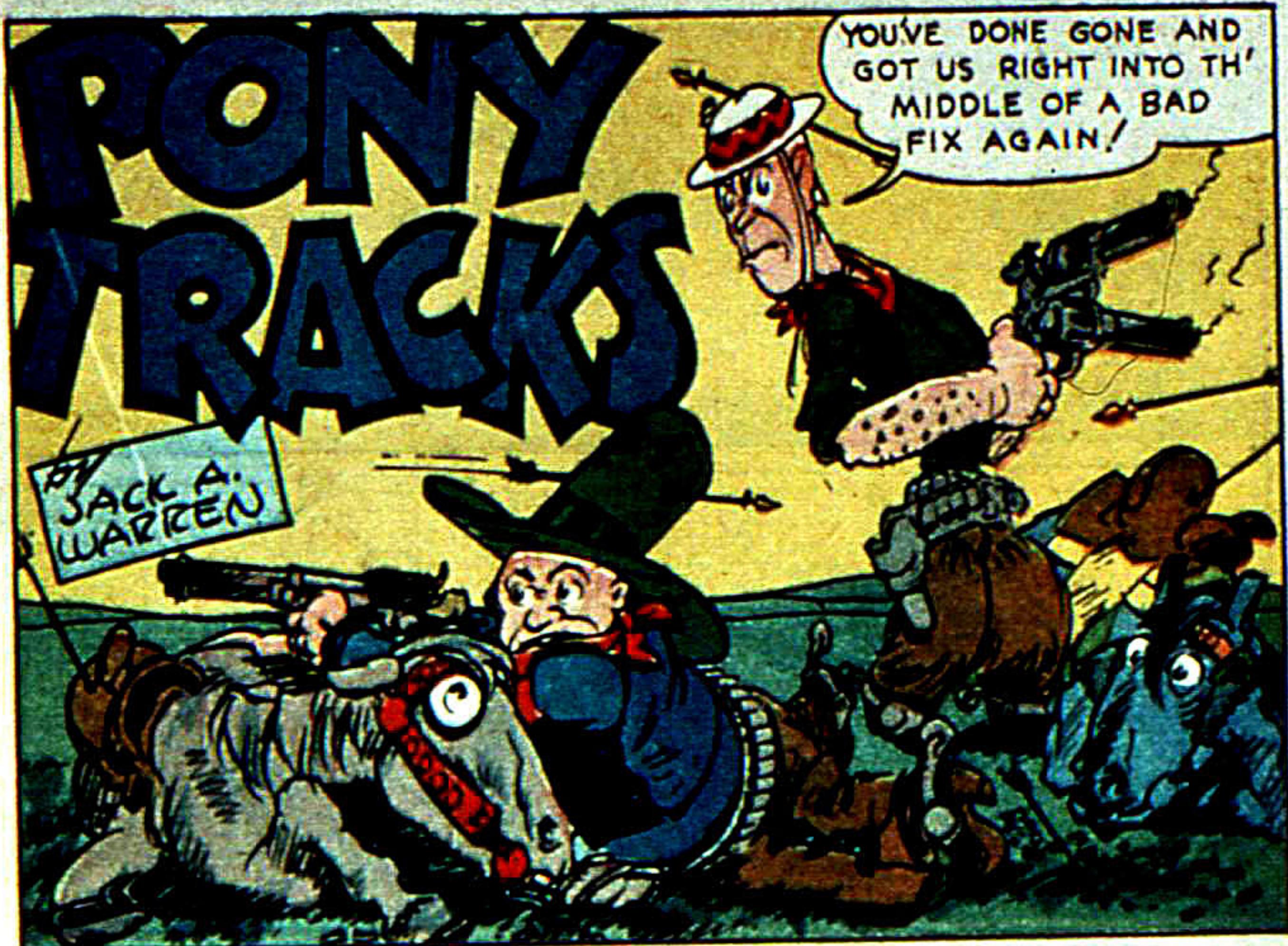


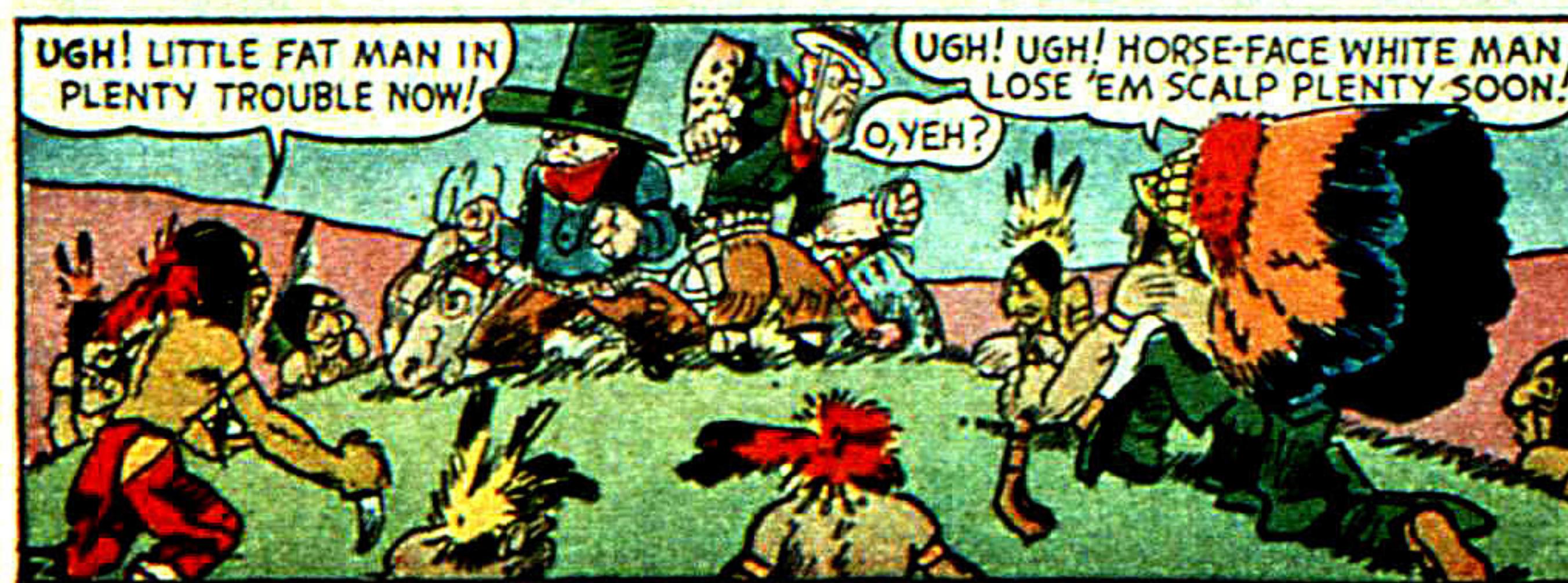
WAIT, STRANGER!  
WAIT! THAR'S A  
BIG REWARD ON  
THAR HIDES!

THANKS JUST THE  
SAME - BUT GIVE IT  
TO SOMEONE WHO  
NEEDS IT!

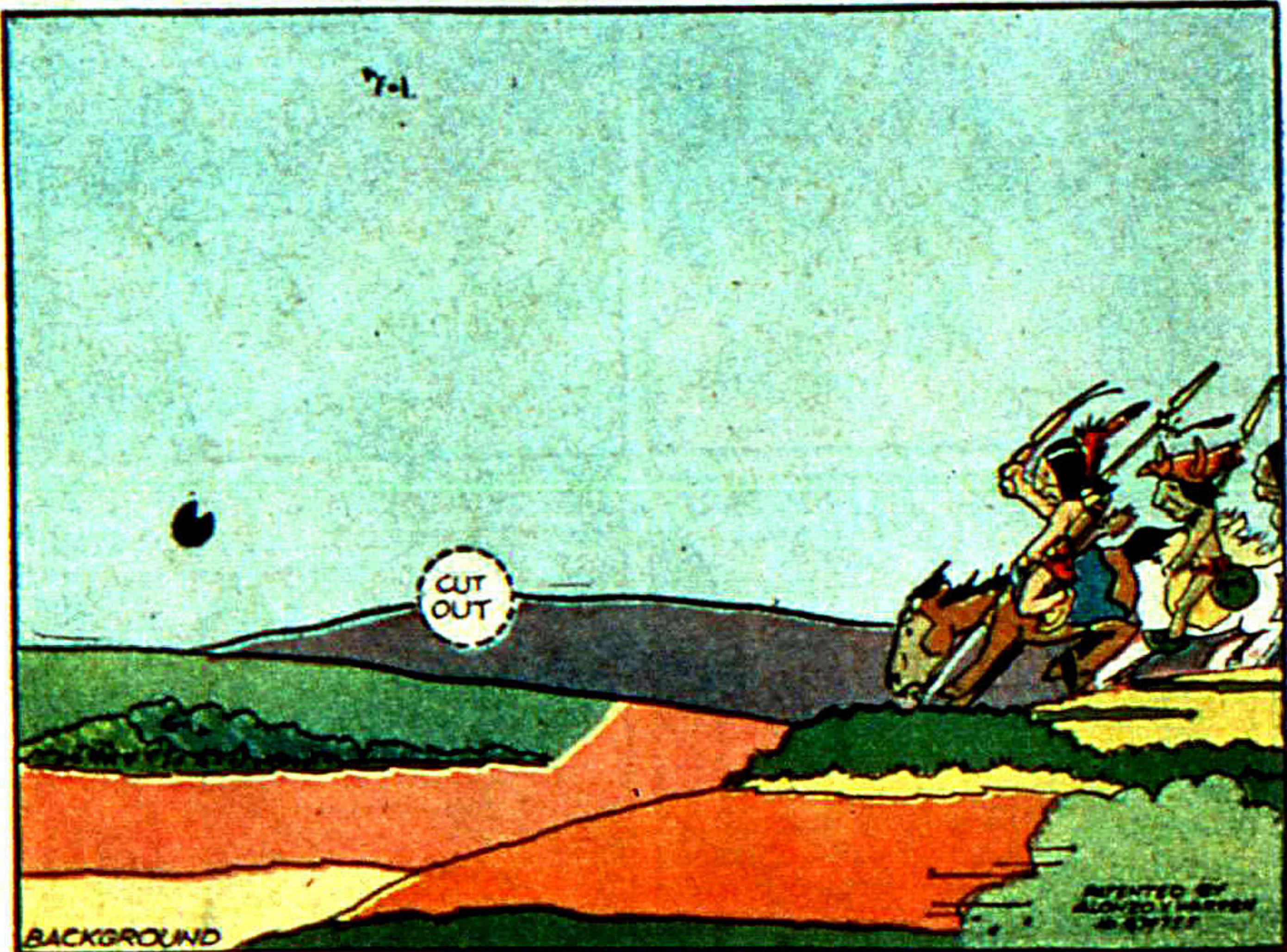


READ THE NEXT SUPERHORSE  
STORY IN BLUE BOLT.











O, SHUT UP! AND IF OUR FRIENDS WILL FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS ON THIS PAGE, THEY'LL SEE WHY WE'RE LEAVIN THESE PARTS, MUY PRONTO!

## JACK A. WARREN'S ANIMATED CUTOUT CARTOON

### DIRECTIONS:-

CUT OUT PANEL MARKED "BACKGROUND" ON OPPOSITE PAGE. CUT OUT PANEL OF "WORKING PARTS" ON THIS PAGE. MOUNT THESE WITH PASTE OR RUBBER CEMENT ONTO CARDBOARD OR STIFF PAPER. CUT OUT WORKING PARTS CAREFULLY. CUT OUT CIRCLE ON BACKGROUND AND EYES ON WORKING PARTS. THREAD NEEDLE, KNOT DOUBLE THREAD AT END, CUT THREAD CLOSE UP TO KNOT, SEW THROUGH AT POINT A TO A-1, KNOT THREAD UP CLOSE, CUT THREAD CLOSE TO KNOT. REPEAT AT B TO B-1, C TO C-1, D TO D-1 TO D-2, E TO E-1, KNOT THREAD AND LEAVE ABOUT TWO INCHES OF THREAD. KNOT AND CUT THREAD, SEW AT POINT F TO F-1 ON BACKGROUND G TO G-1, PULL LONG THREAD AT POINT E THROUGH HOLE IN BACKGROUND AND WORK ANIMATED CARTOON FROM BACK.



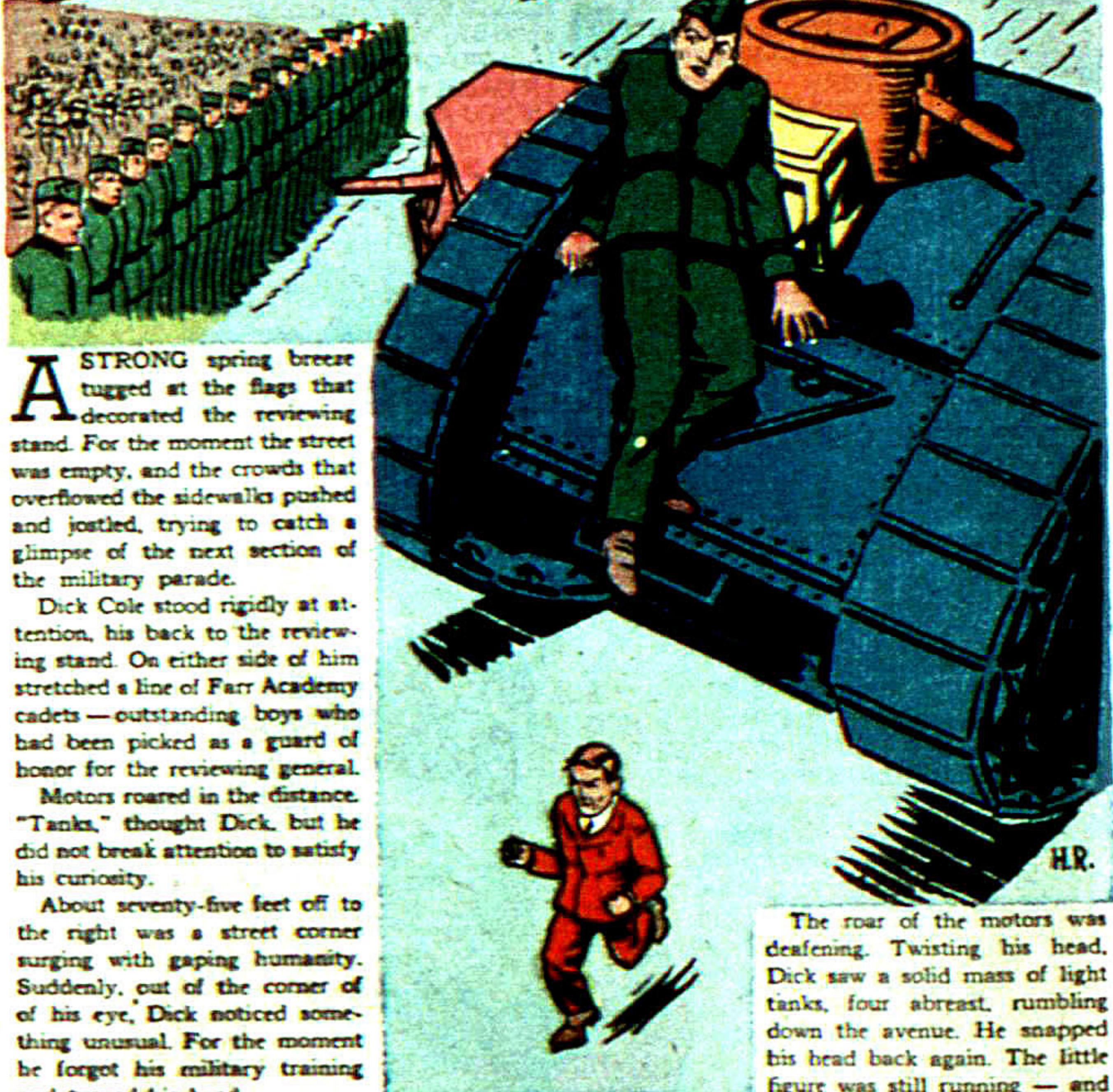
WORKING PARTS.

a DICK COLE adventure

by Stockbridge Winslow

# THE MYSTERY OF THE LITTLE MEN

Dick Cole runs into the weirdest story in his life —  
the story of the Little Men.



H.R.

A STRONG spring breeze tugged at the flags that decorated the reviewing stand. For the moment the street was empty, and the crowds that overflowed the sidewalks pushed and jostled, trying to catch a glimpse of the next section of the military parade.

Dick Cole stood rigidly at attention, his back to the reviewing stand. On either side of him stretched a line of Farr Academy cadets — outstanding boys who had been picked as a guard of honor for the reviewing general.

Motors roared in the distance. "Tanks," thought Dick, but he did not break attention to satisfy his curiosity.

About seventy-five feet off to the right was a street corner surging with gaping humanity. Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, Dick noticed something unusual. For the moment he forgot his military training and turned his head.

Something had appeared at a sewer opening in the curve of the curbside. Now it appeared again, larger this time, and seemed to be wriggling out onto the street.

A woman screamed shrilly. The thing rose awkwardly to its feet, and from where Dick stood it appeared to be a child. Without turning its head, it bolted straight for the grandstand.

The roar of the motors was deafening. Twisting his head, Dick saw a solid mass of light tanks, four abreast, rumbling down the avenue. He snapped his head back again. The little figure was still running — and was directly in the path of the oncoming tanks!

People shouted and waved, but the tiny runner ignored them. As the first line of tanks rumbled by, Dick lunged from

his place in ranks, took two quick steps, then leaped. He landed on top of the first tank, and with the shouts of the crew ringing in his ears, scrambled to the front of the body and clung to a hook set in the metal plate. As the clanking, crushing tracks bracketed the tiny figure, Dick bent down and yanked him to safety.

The tank rolled to a stop and Dick dropped to the street with his burden. To his amazement he discovered that he was holding in his arms a perfectly formed man, about two and a half feet in height. Evidently the shock had been too much for the little fellow: he was unconscious.

People swarmed around as Dick fought his way to the reviewing stand. As he approached the general hurried to Dick's side.

"That was a remarkable piece of heroism, my boy! But how did that child get through the police lines?"

"He crawled out of a sewer, sir," shouted Dick above the uproar. "I think we should get him to a doctor."

A grizzled police inspector approached and saluted.

"I'll get a motorcycle, sir."

WITH the siren wide open they headed across town to an avenue that was comparatively free of traffic. Once the little figure stirred, and Dick glanced down into terrified, fear-haunted face. "Don't let them get me! Don't let them get me!" the small, hoarse voice pleaded. But before Dick could question him he was unconscious again.

Suddenly a block ahead a huge truck with a long black trailer rolled from a sidestreet. "What's a matter, can't he hear the siren?" The cop slammed on the brakes. "Besides he's crossin' against the lights!"

The motorcycle had scarcely stopped rolling when the policeman leaped off and charged down on the truck. Dick climbed out, laid the small body on the seat, and followed.

The cop hopped on the running board, looked inside, and a strange expression crossed his face. "It's—it's empty!"

They made a quick inspection of the huge vehicle. There was no name on either side, and no license plates.

As they rounded the rear of the trailer, Dick glanced toward the motorcycle. He grabbed excitedly at the cop's sleeve. "Look, it's—gone!" The sidecar was empty.

"Get in," roared the policeman. "We're goin' to headquarters. I'm gonna be the first one to tell the commissioner about this screwy business."

Ten minutes later, after the wildest ride Dick had ever had in his life, the pair stood in front of a broad desk. A big, middle-aged man sprawled in the swivel chair.

"And that's the story, Commissioner," said the cop. "I been a long time in the department but I never seen the likes of this day."

The commissioner wagged a silver pencil at Dick. "And you say that this—this thing that crawled out of the sewer was a man? You mean a midget, don't you?"

Dick shook his head. "I don't think so, sir."

"Why?"

"Every midget I've ever seen was out of proportion in one way or another. Either their heads were large or they were fat or short-legged. This fellow had a perfect physique, and the way he ran on his toes and held his arms made him look like a real track man."

The door suddenly opened, and a policeman appeared.

"Colonel Bolles to see you."

"That's my commandant," explained Dick.

A MAN in an army officer's uniform strode into the office. "They told me I'd find you here, Dick. You're to be complimented on your quick thinking." The colonel turned to the commissioner. "If you're finished questioning the boy, I'll take him with me. It's time we

were starting back to school."

"I can't go back now, Colonel!" protested Dick. "I've got to find out the secret of that little man."

The smile vanished from Bolles' face.

"Cole, you seem to forget that as long as you are a cadet at Farr Academy you live by military rules and regulations."

"But can't you give me a leave of absence—just until tomorrow?"

"Impossible!"

Although Dick was trained to obey orders without question, that tiny terrified face haunted him, and in his mind he heard again that pleading whisper, "Don't let them get me! Don't let them get me!"

He couldn't let the little fellow down—someone had to do something!

Without warning, Dick darted around the colonel, through the open door and out into the hall. "Stop!" the commandant roared.

Dick reached the stairs. A police lieutenant with a drawn revolver was coming up, three steps at a time. Dick spun around and started to climb. Four flights later he came to the roof, sprinted across the tarred surface and sprang onto the parapet.

A narrow alley separated him from a dilapidated building with a peaked roof. Dick bent his legs slightly and leaped. His body leaped through the air and his outstretched hands struck the roof. He landed lightly, cat-like and scrambled around to the other side.

A rusty drain pipe ran to the ground. Dick swung onto the pipe and started down.

A voice rasped in a shadowy doorway. "Look, that must be him coming down that drain."

Two figures emerged from the doorway and hurried toward the end of the alley.

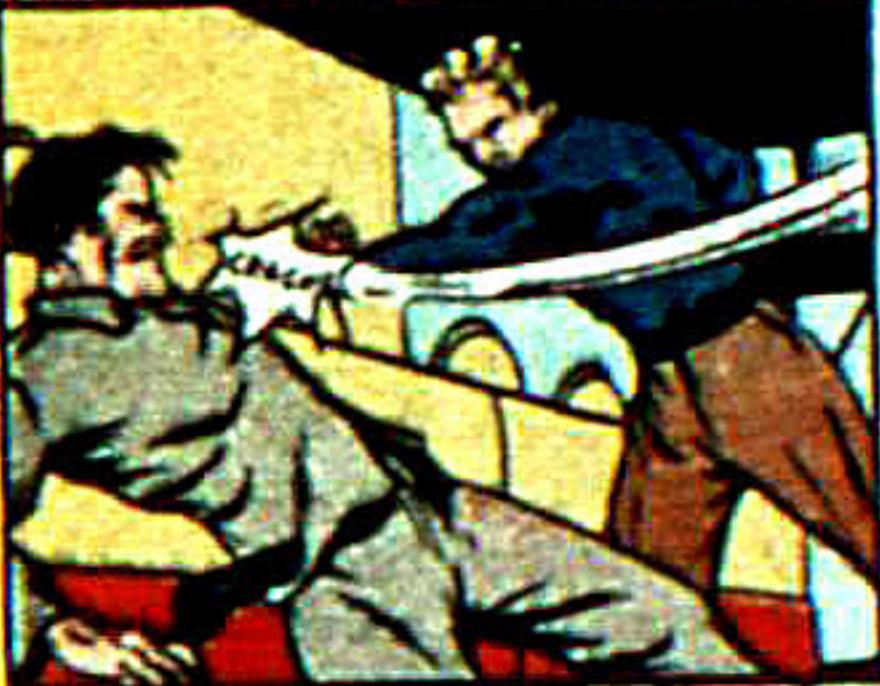
WHAT AWAITS DICK IN THE ALLEY? WILL HE SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE LITTLE MAN? SEE NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT.

# RUNAWAY RONSON



DEATH RIDES THE RAILS AS THE SUPER-STREAMLINER THUNDERS ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS UNDER THE CONTROL OF THREE CONVICTS ESCAPING FROM ALCATRAZ! THREE MEN... PLAYING WITH CERTAIN DEATH AT THE EXPENSE OF THOSE ON BOARD BECAUSE THEY ARE 'BIG SHOTS'... WITH GUNS IN THEIR HANDS...

SUDDENLY... A BEDLAM BREAKS OUT IN THE CAB OF THE ENGINE AS RUNAWAY RONSON, THE ENGINEER STRIKES OUT...



SO, TONY GREKO, THE TOUGHEST GUN MAN IN THE COUNTRY, IS DOWN! GET UP YOU PUNK, AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S RUNNING THIS BUGGY... NOW... AND IN THE FUTURE!



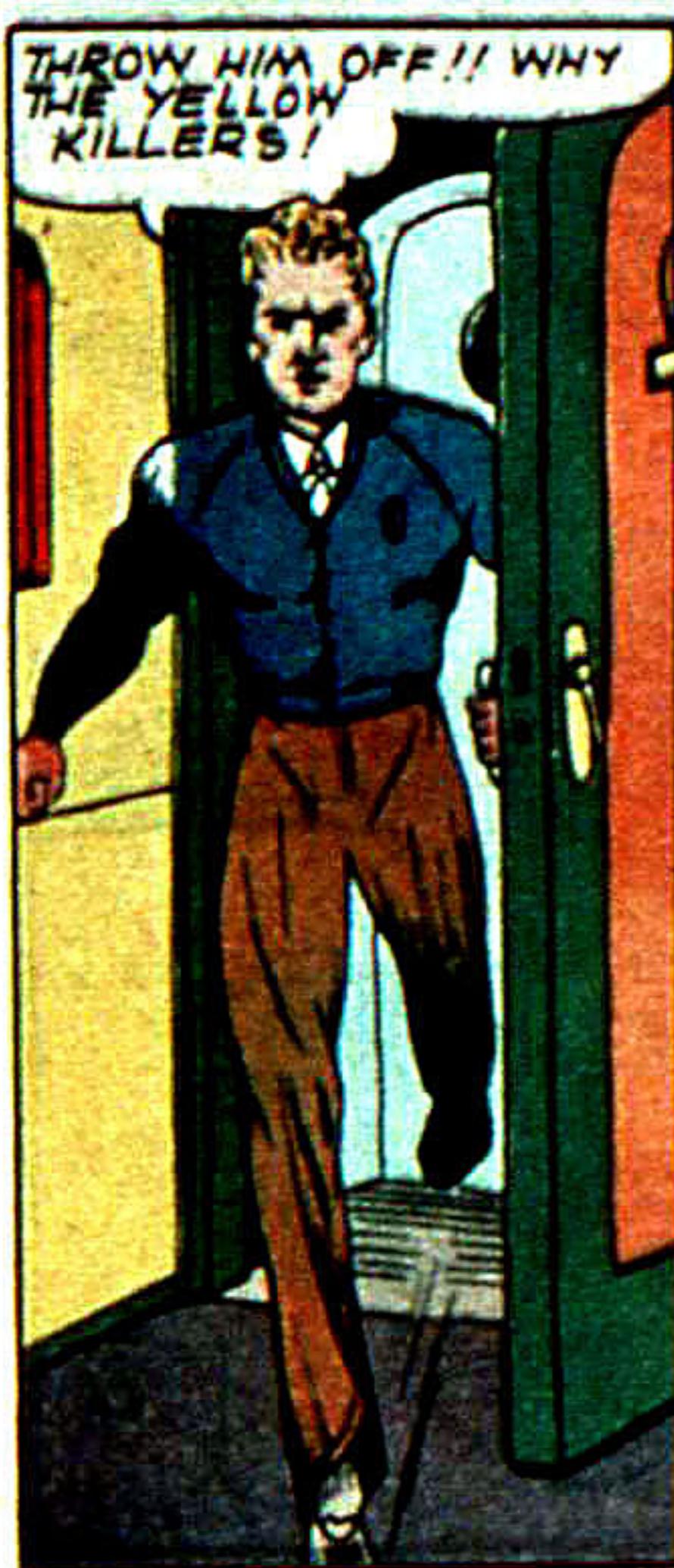
THE BURLY CONVICT CHARGES! RUNAWAY DUCKS AND THE BLOW GOES WILD.

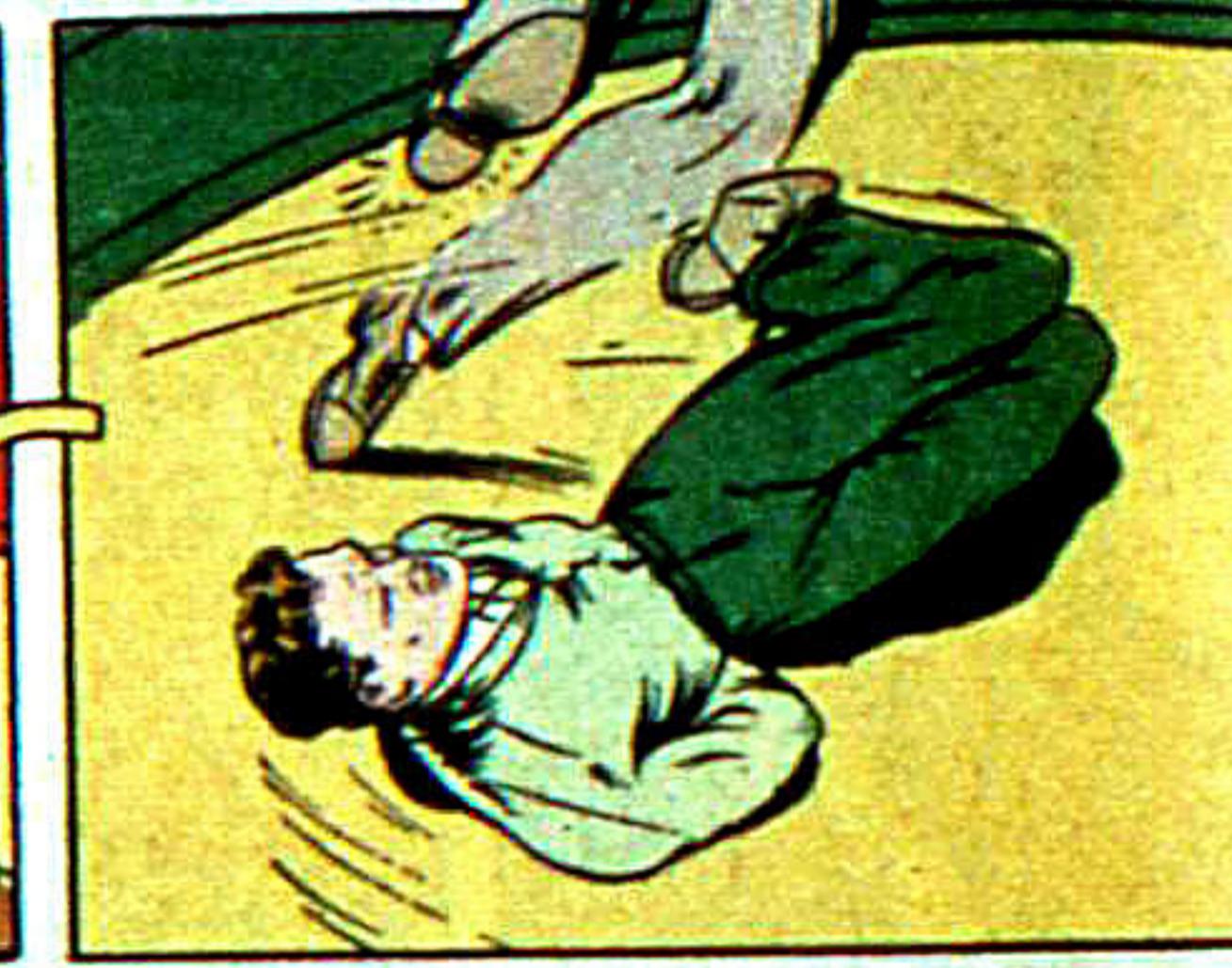


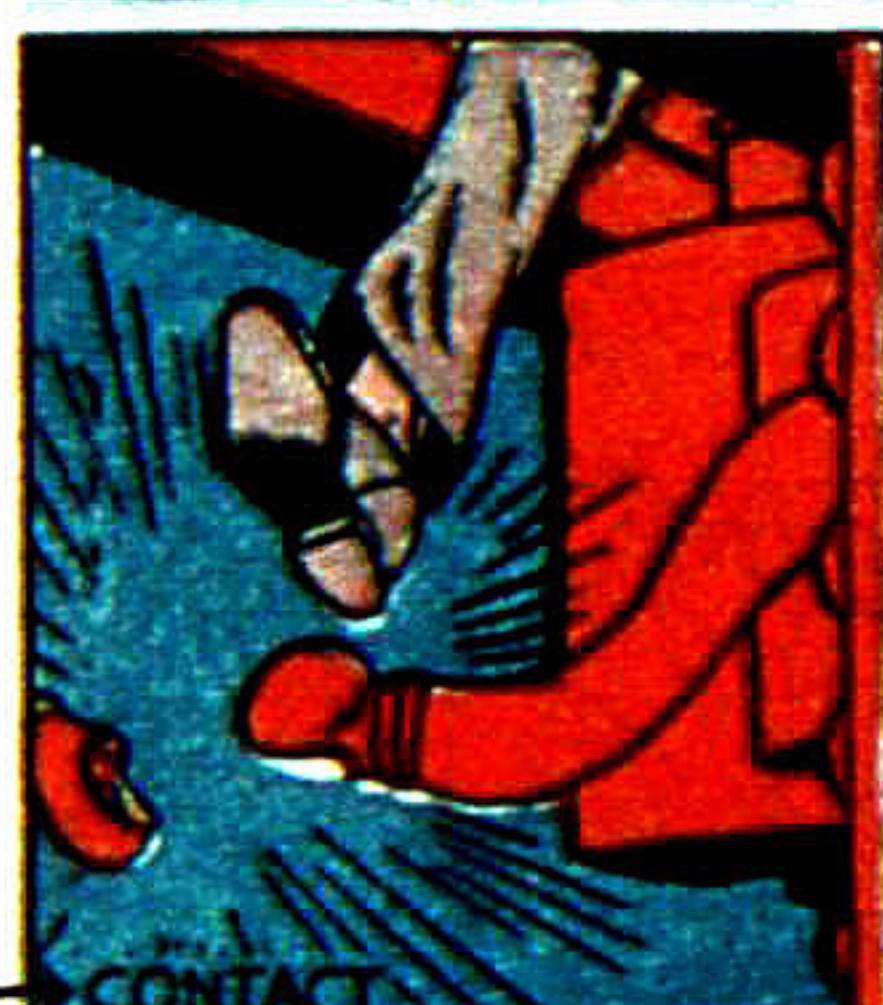
A STREAKING FIST RIPS INTO THE THUG'S MIDSECTION.

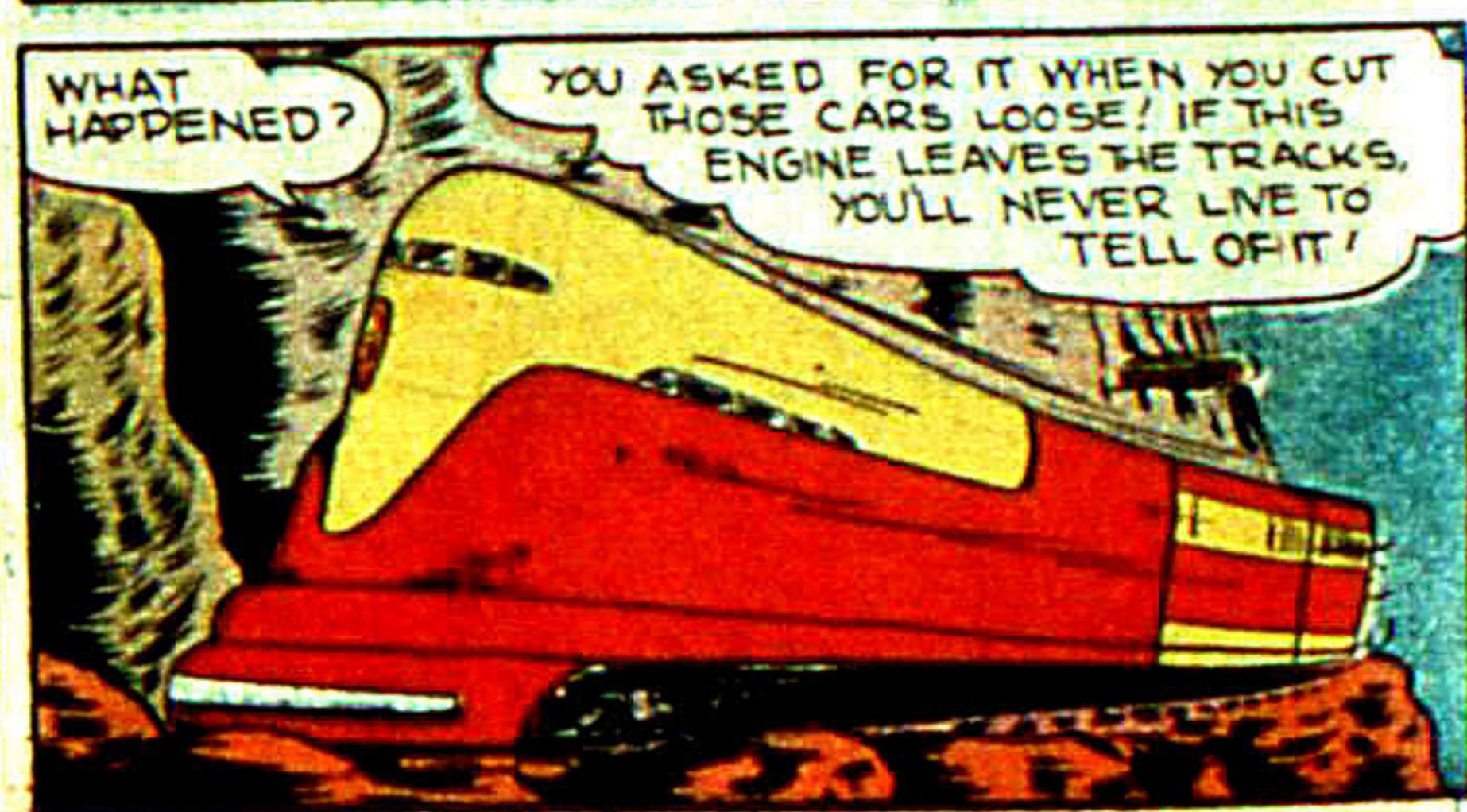
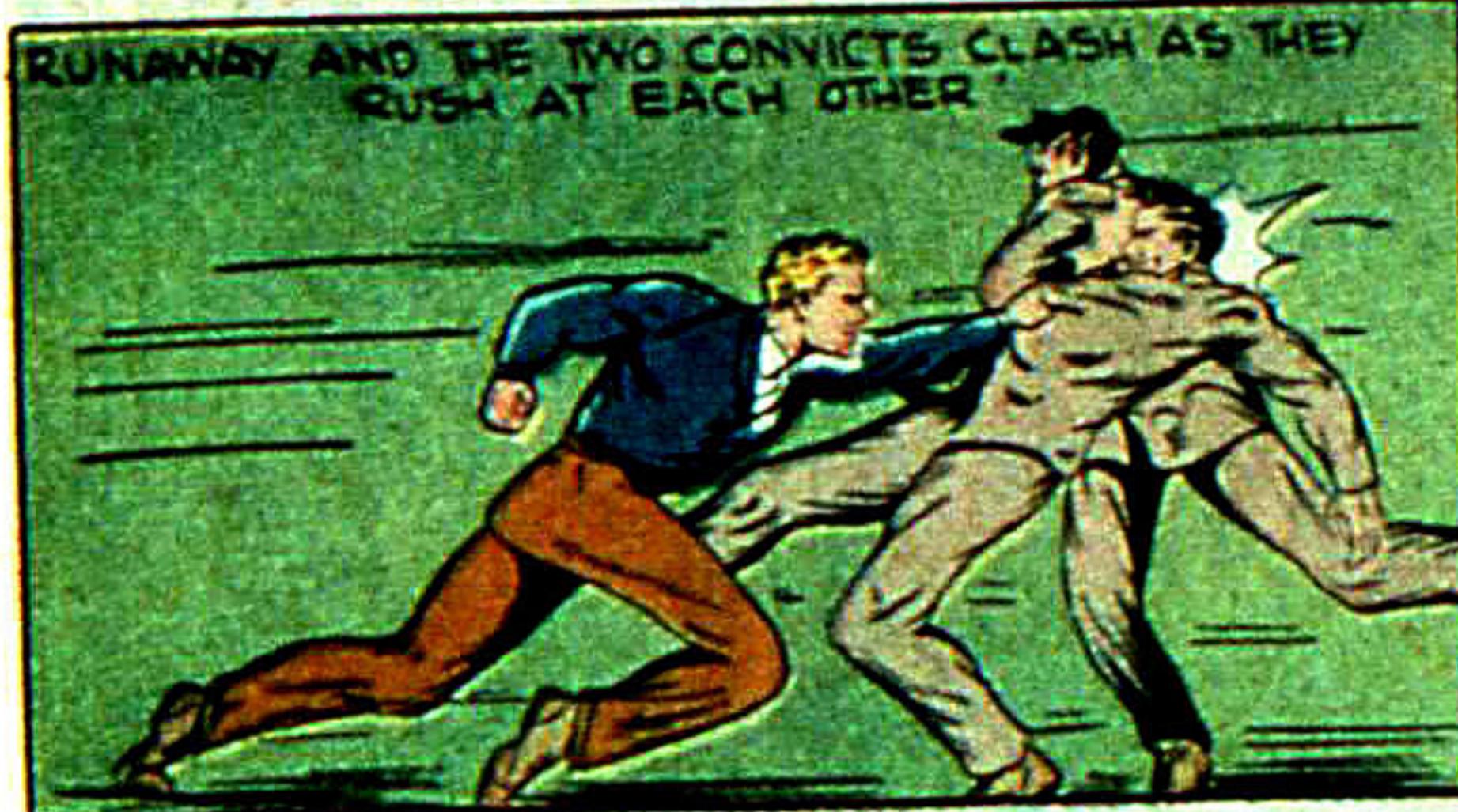
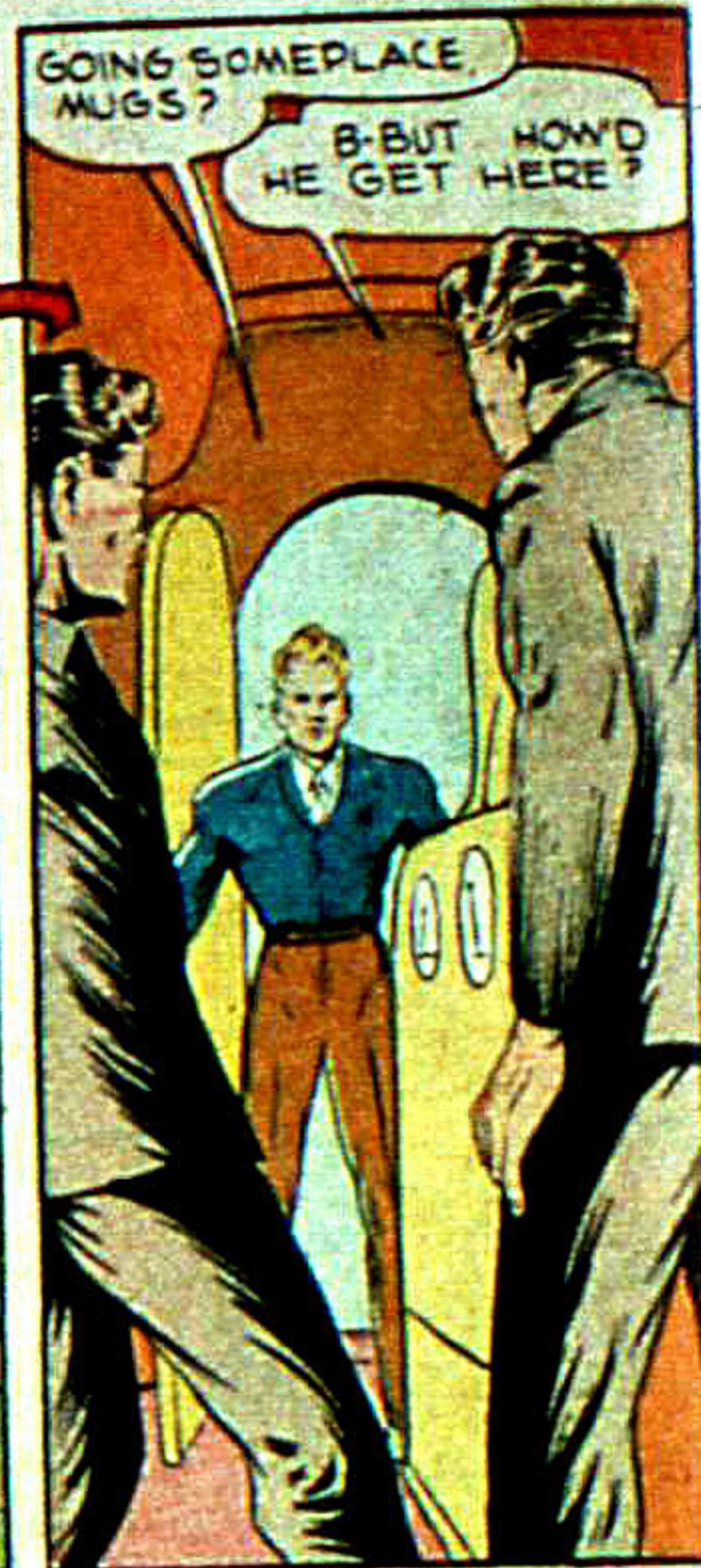


AND A SPLIT SECOND LATER A CRASHING BLOW SENDS HIM REELING DOWN THE CAB OF THE ENGINE...











AS THE ENGINE COMES TO A STOP.

ANOTHER EPISODE OF  
**RUNAWAY RONSON**  
WILL  
APPEAR  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



# OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TALES

by  
KIE  
CART

A RETIRED MARINER ENTERTAINS HIS LITTLE PAL, JOEY, WITH STORIES OF GREAT AMERICAN TRADITIONS.

SON, TODAY I'LL TELL YE ABOUT THE BATTLE CRY THAT RESULTED IN OUR COUNTRY'S FREEDOM—

**'NO TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION.'**

TO MEET EXPENSES FOR THE DEFENSE OF THE COLONIES, GEO. III DECIDED TO COLLECT HITHERTO NOT ENFORCED TAXES.



BUT IN THE COLONIES, THE 'SONS OF LIBERTY' ORGANIZED TO FIGHT TAXATION IN WHICH THEY HAD NO VOICE—ESPECIALLY THE TAX ON THE MUCH USED TEA.





THE ACTIVITIES OF SUCH PATRIOTS AS JAMES OTIS AND SAMUEL ADAMS BROUGHT BRITISH TROOPS TO BOSTON TO ENFORCE THE TAX LAWS.



WHEN THE SOLDIERS WERE JEERED AT, THEY FIRED ON THE CITIZENS IN THE FAMOUS BOSTON MASSACRE.



COLONIAL BITTERNESS RESULTED IN THE BURNING OF THE GASPEE IN 1772, WHEN A GROUP OF REBELS DRESSED AS INDIANS DESTROYED A CARGO OF TEA BEARING THE HATED TAX.



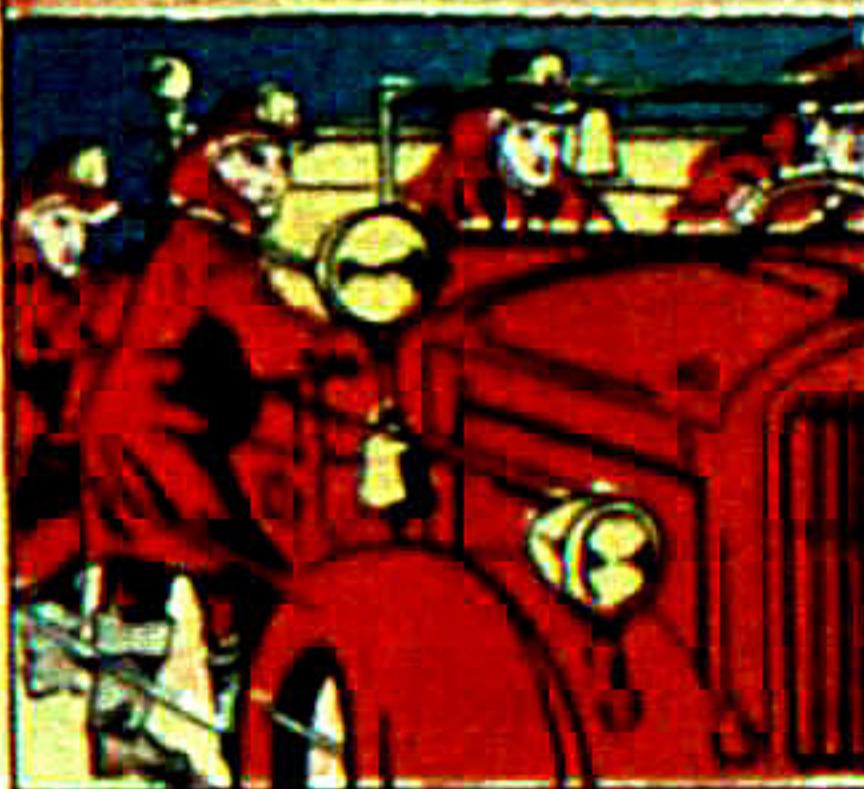
SUCH ACTS SHOULD HAVE WARNED PARLIAMENT—BUT THE BRITISH ATTITUDE REMAINED UNCHANGED. THIS, THEN, WAS THE PRELUDE TO THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.



by  
MALCOLM  
KILDALE

**S**ERGEANT SPOOK, THE SPIRIT OF A DEAD POLICEMAN, CONTINUES TO FIGHT CRIME AFTER HIS ACCIDENTAL DEATH IN THE POLICE LABORATORY. THOUGH SERGEANT SPOOK CAN'T BE SEEN OR HEARD, HE HAS FULL USE OF ALL OF HIS FACULTIES. IN THIS STORY SPOOK ANSWERS A FOUR ALARM FIRE, COMES ACROSS A MURDER, AND BREAKS UP A GANG.

IN ANSWER TO A FOUR ALARM FIRE FROM A MIDTOWN HOTEL, THE FIRE DEPT. DASHES TO THE SCENE!



GREAT SCOTT!  
IT'S BURNING LIKE  
A MATCH BOX!



WITH THEIR USUAL BRAVERY, THE FIREMEN ATTEMPT DANGEROUS RESCUES, SUCCEEDING IN SOME!



BACK MEN! NO ONE IS TO ENTER THAT BUILDING! IF THERE'S ANYONE IN THERE NOW THEY'RE PROBABLY BURNT TO A CRISP!



SERGEANT SPOOK ARRIVES ON THE SCENE AS THE CAPTAIN ISSUES THE ORDER!

WELL, CAP, I'M GOING TO DIS-OBEY ORDERS. THE FLAMES WON'T BOTHER ME, AND THERE'S JUST A CHANCE SOMEONE MAY BE ALIVE IN THERE!







ONE OF THE THUGS RUSHES TO THE DOOR, BUT SERGEANT SPOOK IS WAITING, AND LETS HIM HAVE IT!



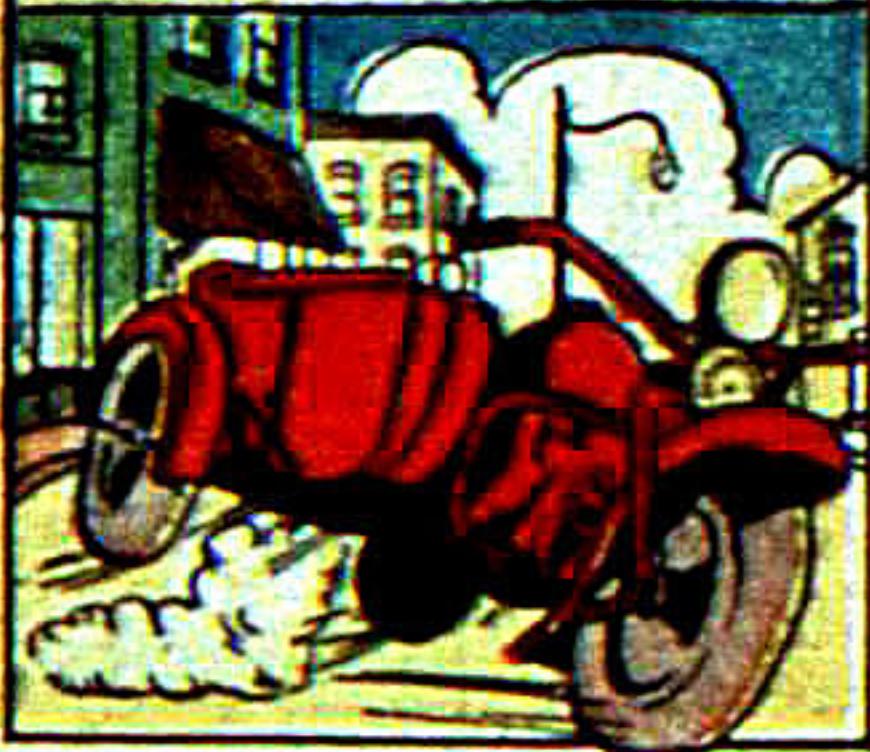
SPOOK REACHES THE STREET JUST AS NICK'S CAR LEAVES THE CURB.



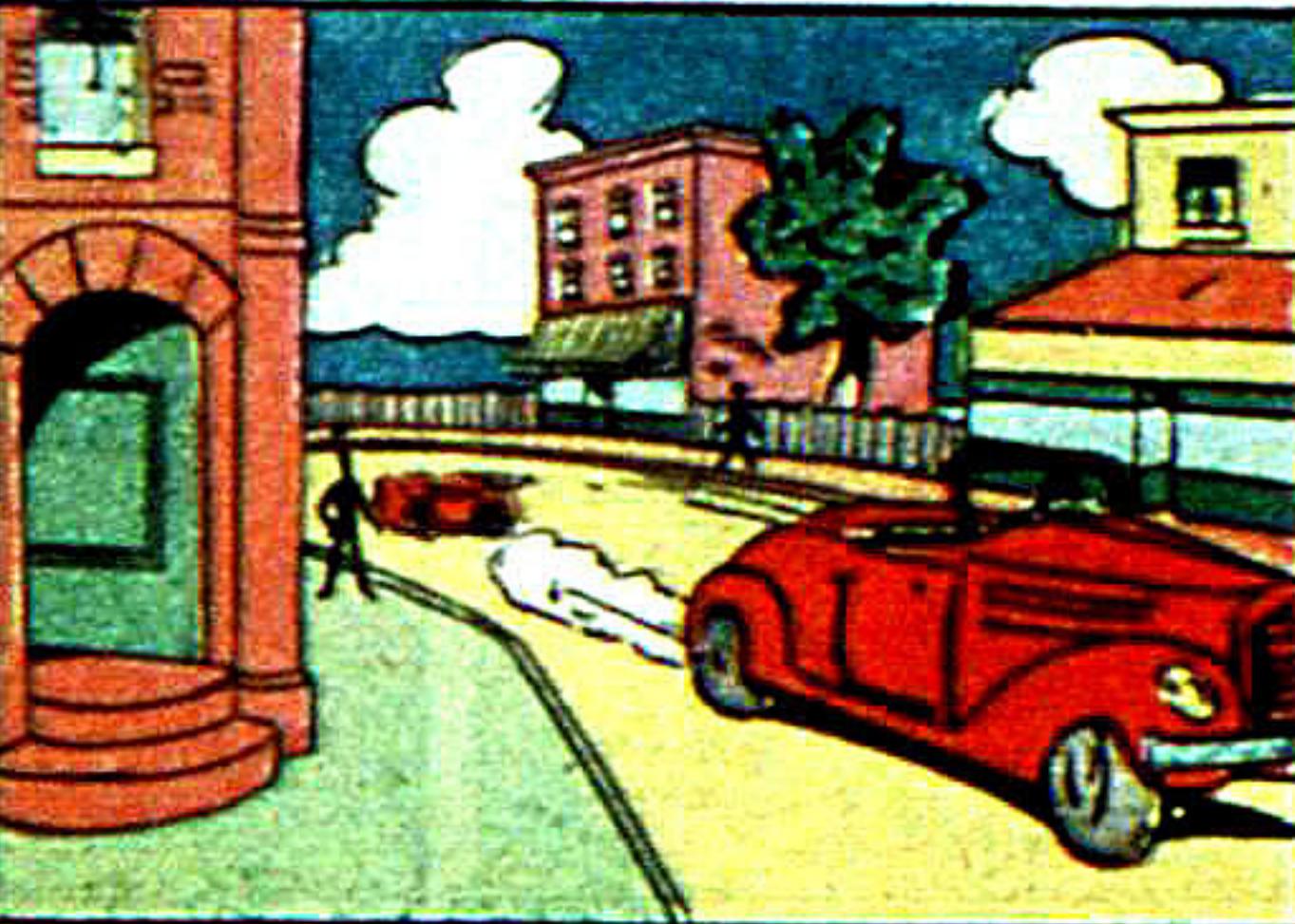
HE'LL TRY TO KILL SAUNDERS! NOW HOW CAN I STOP HIM? AH! I GOT IT!



SERGEANT SPOOK HOPS ON A MOTORCYCLE THAT HAS BEEN PARKED NEARBY AND SETS OUT AFTER NICK.



PEOPLE WATCH IN AMAZEMENT AS THE SEEMINGLY EMPTY MOTORCYCLE FLIES THROUGH THE STREETS IN PURSUIT OF NICK TAREY'S FLEEING CAR!



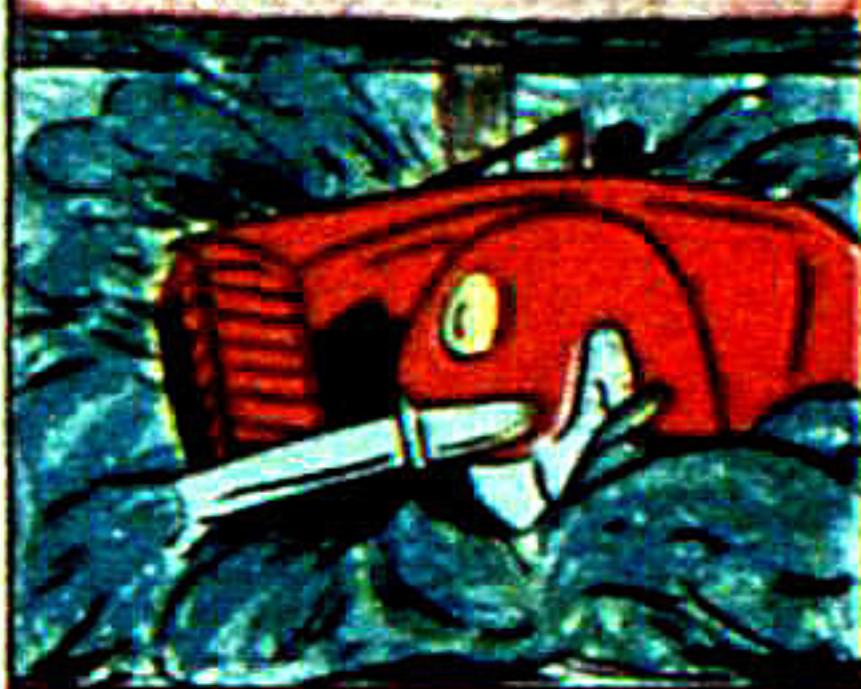
HE'S GAINING ON ME! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT - AND I'M TAKING IT!



NICK TURNS HIS CAR INTO A DEAD END STREET AND DRIVES IT OFF THE DOCK!



THE CAR HITS THE WATER WITH A SPLASH AND SETTLES QUICKLY TO THE BOTTOM.



STOPPING HIS MOTORCYCLE, SPOOK PAUSES ON THE DOCK.

I DIDN'T THINK THAT KILLER WOULD TRY THAT. MAYBE I CAN STILL RESCUE HIM!



SPOOK DIVES IN AFTER NICK TAREY.



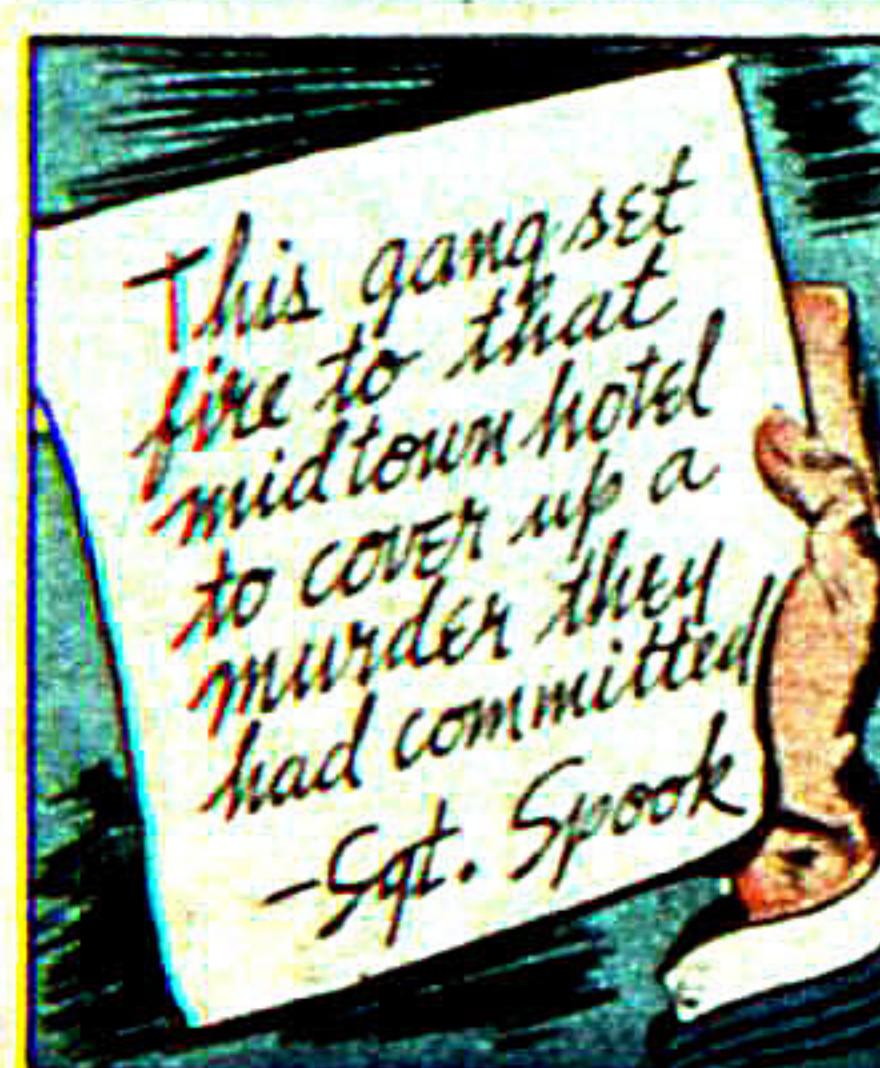
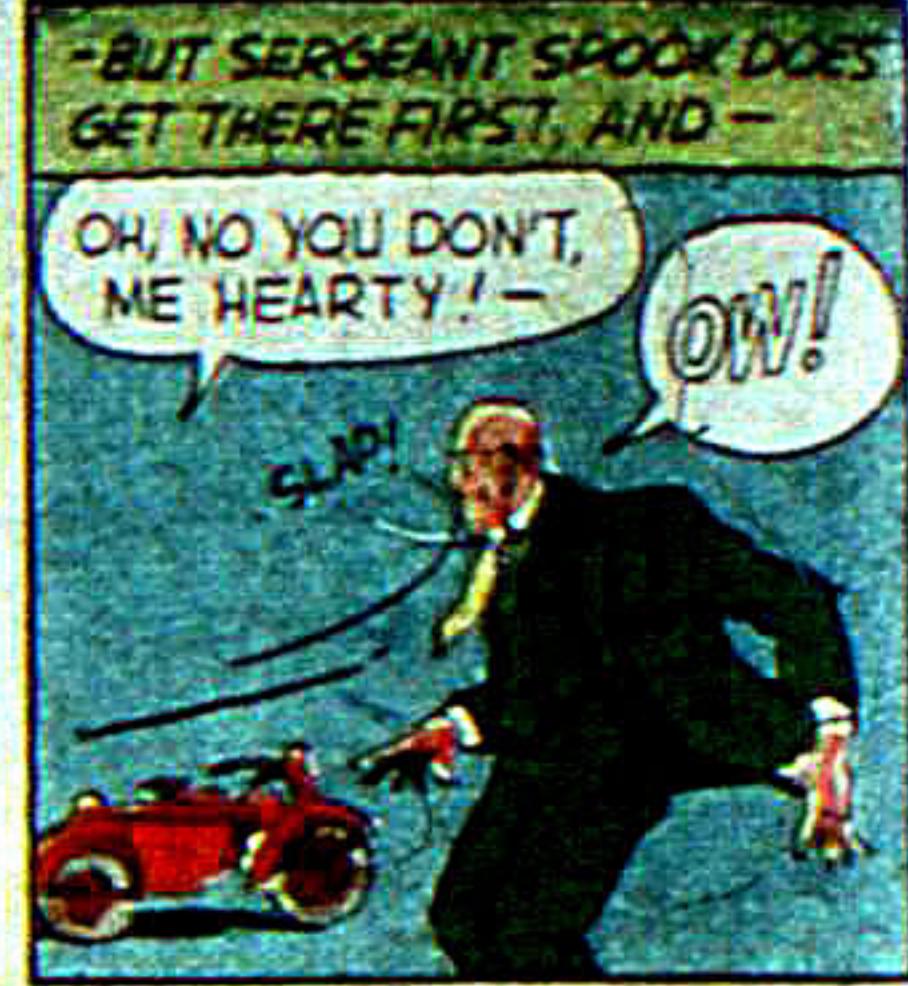
SWIMMING DOWN TO THE SUNKEN CAR, SPOOK FINDS NICK GONE.

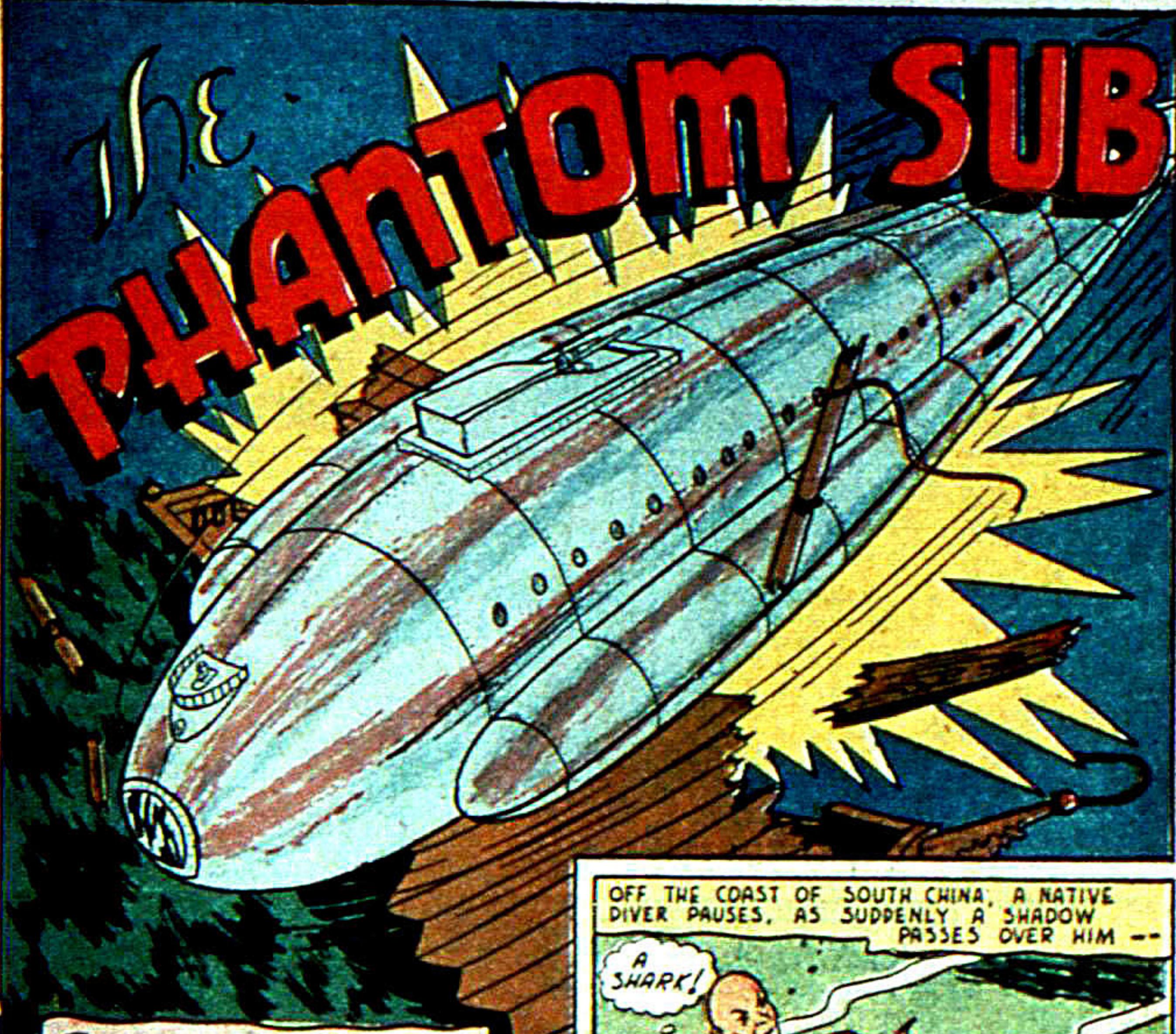


HE COMES BACK TO THE SURFACE, AND -

HA! JUST AS I THOUGHT! THERE'S NICK SWIMMING FOR THE DOCK!







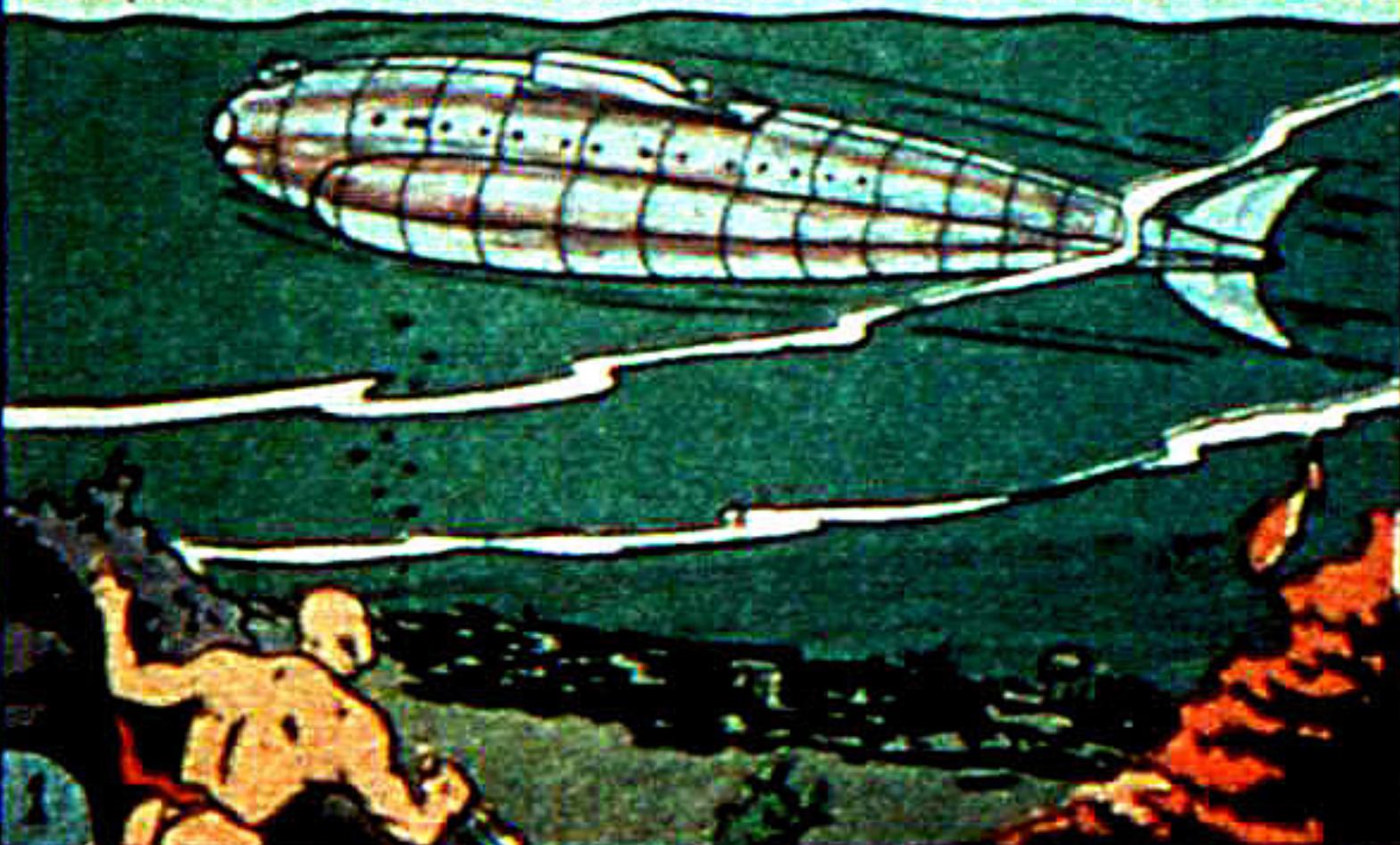
RAPIDLY BECOMING A NAME THAT STRIKES FEAR IN THE HEARTS OF THOSE WHO WOULD WAGE CRIME ON THE HIGH SEAS, IS THE PHANTOM SUB! NOW THIS SUPER-SUBMARINE, MANNED BY ITS PHANTOM CREW, PITTS ITSELF AGAINST THE DREADED TONG-LU-MONG.

b7 FCG

OFF THE COAST OF SOUTH CHINA, A NATIVE DIVER PAUSES, AS SUDDENLY A SHADOW PASSES OVER HIM --



BUT, THE SHADOW IS THAT CAST BY THE PHANTOM SUB.

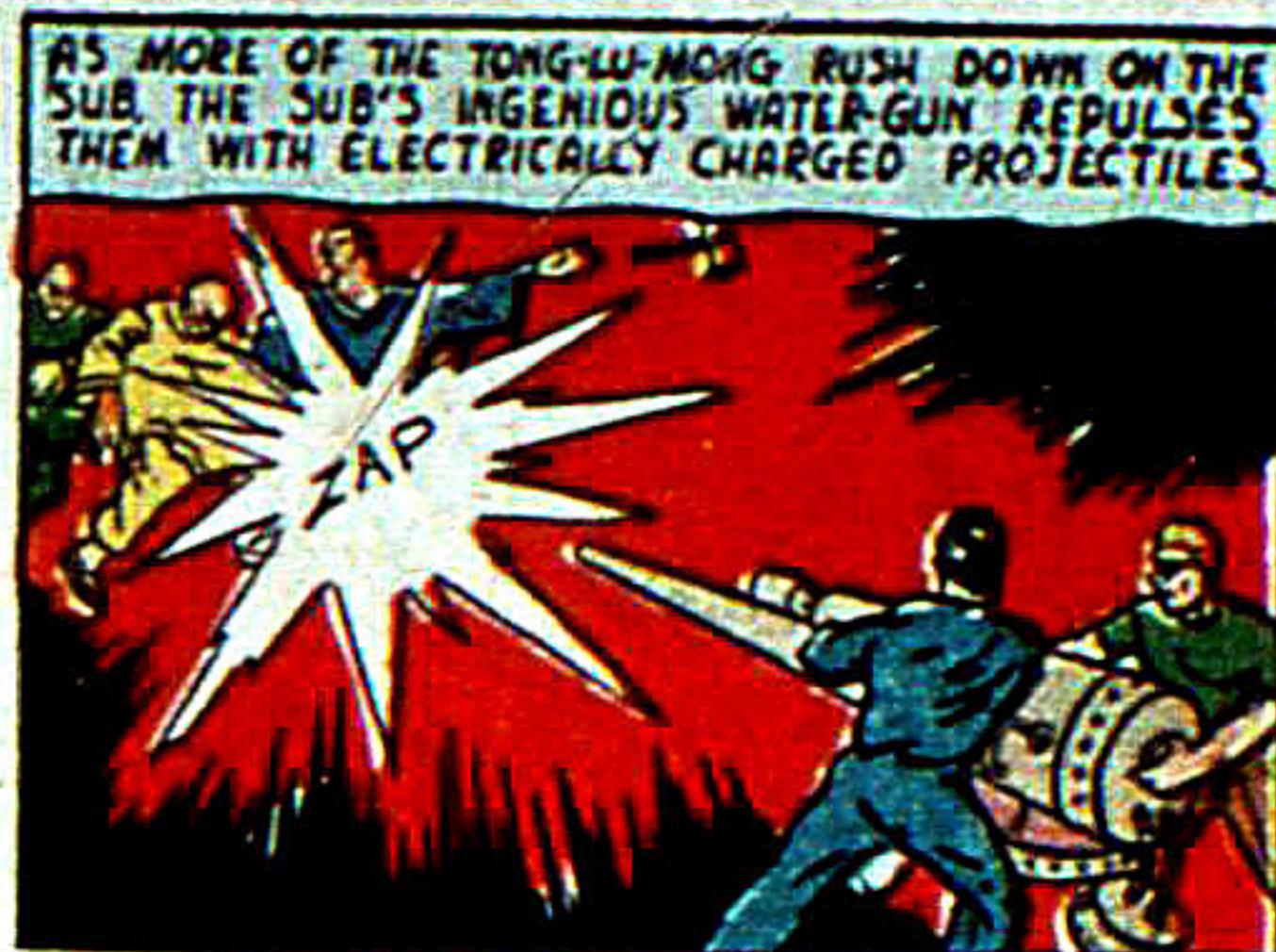


QUICKLY THE DIVER RISES TO THE SURFACE.

THE MASTER MUST KNOW OF THIS!



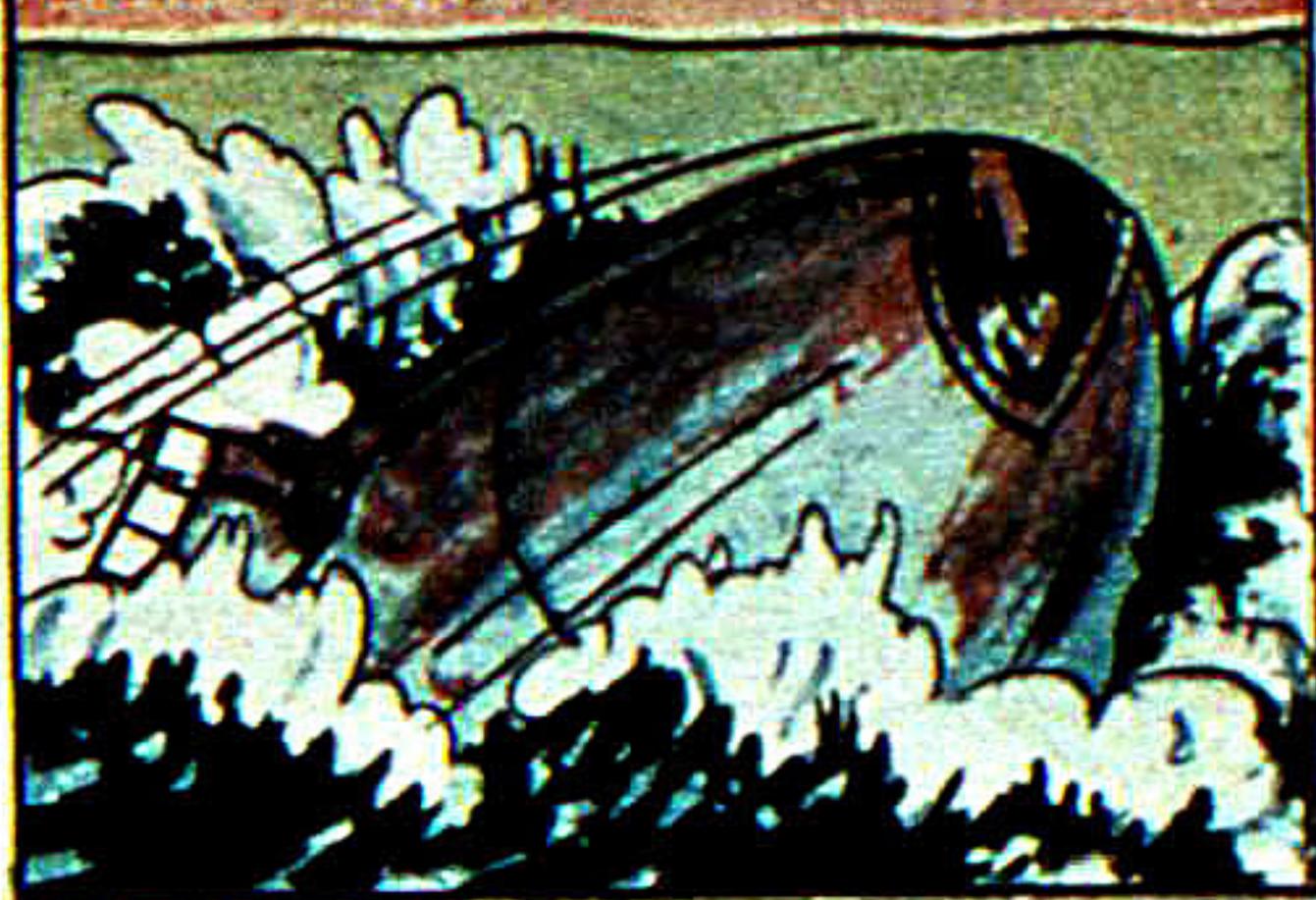




WITH ALL THE SPEED OF ITS POWERFUL WATER MOTORS, THE PHANTOM JUB SHOOTS UP THROUGH THE WATER AND —



—BREAKS THROUGH.



ITS TERRIFIC MOMENTUM HURLES IT THROUGH THE AIR, AND IT —



—SMASHES THROUGH THE NEAREST JUNK!



THEN IT PLUNGES TO SAFETY, IN THE WATER OUTSIDE THE HARBOR'S MOUTH.



DOWN IN THE SUB —

WELL, WE GOT OUT OF ANOTHER HOLE, THANKS TO THE PHANTOM... BUT WHERE'S SLIM?

THOSE YELLOW DEVILS MUST HAVE HIM! STAN, GET ME THE LOG-BOOK OF THAT PIRATE SHIP WE HELPED RUIN!



YEP, THE VERY SAME AS THE INSIGNIA ON THE GANG THAT JUMPED US! THIS TONG-LU-MONG MUST BE A BIG OUTFIT... IN THE FIRST PLACE WE'VE GOT TO RESCUE SLIM, ... THEN PERHAPS WE CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS TONG-LU-MONG!

MEANWHILE-ABOARD HIS PALATIAL JUNK-LU-MONG BEPATES HIS MEN FOR FAILING TO CAPTURE THE PHANTOM SUB.

FOOLS OF ALL FOOLS! A HUNDRED OF YOU AGAINST A HANDFUL, AND YOU COME BACK WITH ONE PALE HEATHEN! WHAT HAVE YOU TO OFFER AS AN EXCUSE?

THEY ATTACKED US WITH SOME SORT OF SPARK-WATER, SIRE! A GUN THAT SHOOTS PARALYZING WATER!

SPARK-WATER? WATER THAT PARALYZES? WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT, HEATHEN? SPEAK UP OR I'LL HAVE YOUR TONGUE!

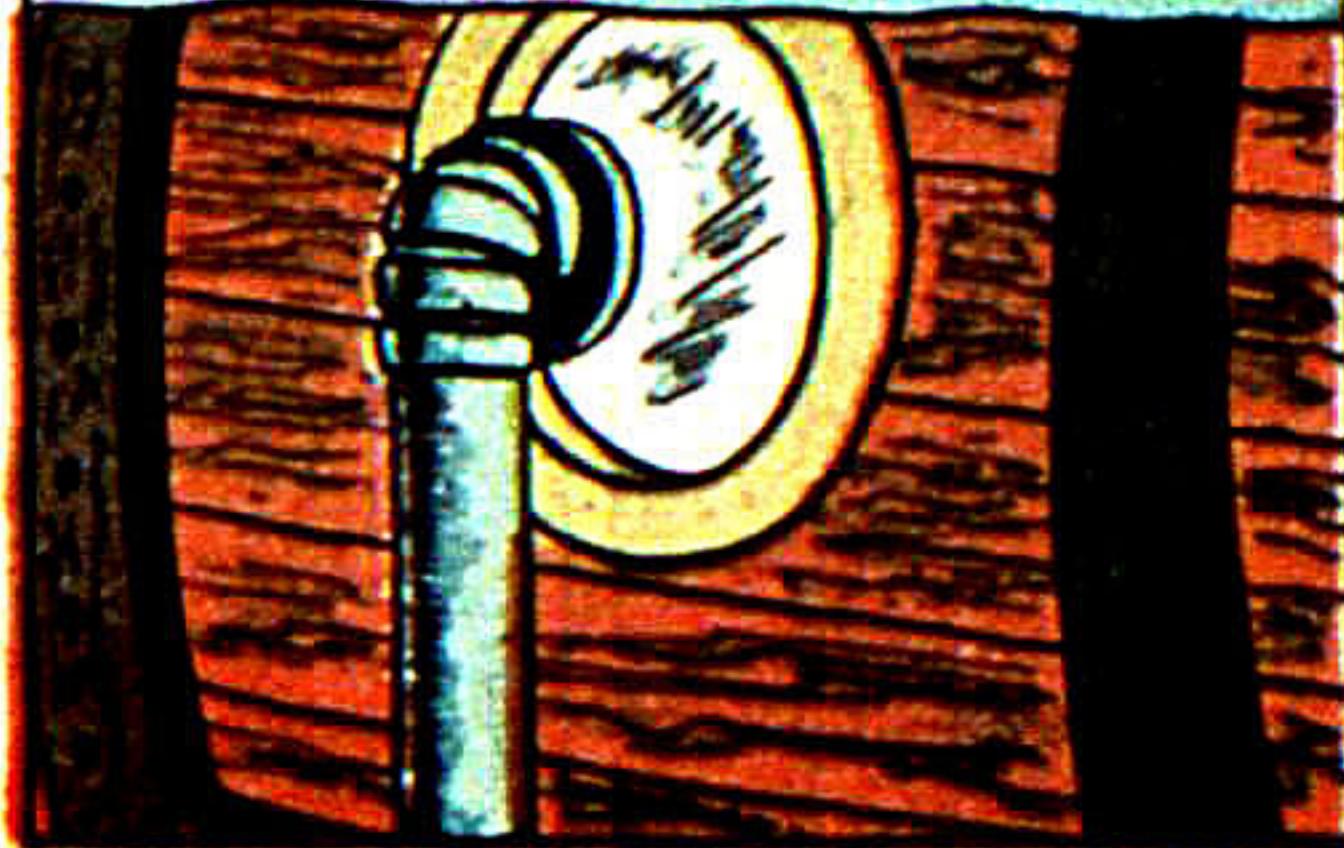
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

LYING DOG OF A CHRISTIAN, I'LL MAKE YOU TELL! BUT FIRST, WITH YOU AS BAIT WE MUST SET A TRAP FOR YOUR PHANTOM SUB! MEN, CIRCLE THE OTHER JUNKS AROUND THIS ONE, ...

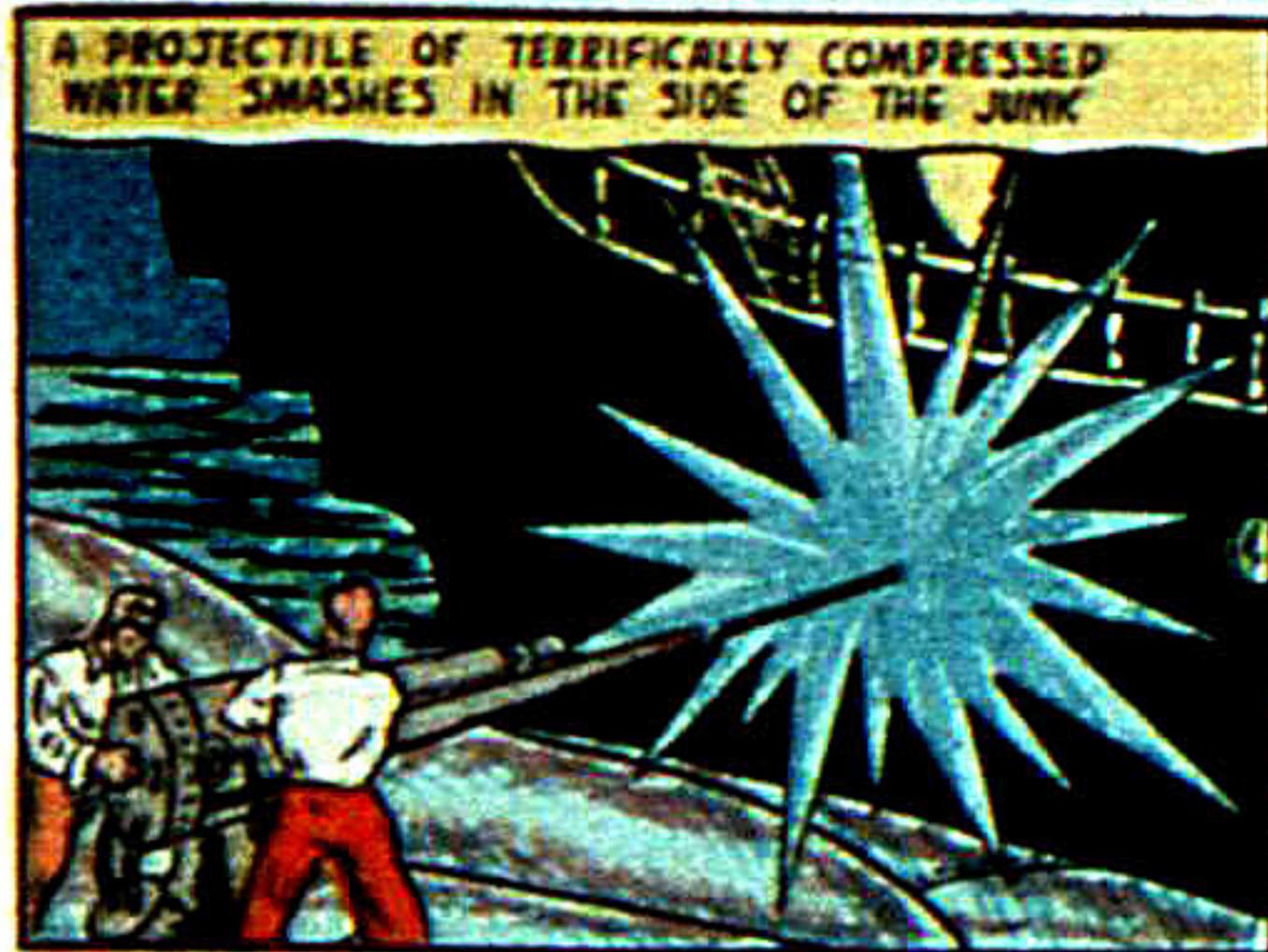
BUT EVEN AS LU MONG PLANS TO TRAP THE SUB, ITS LONG SILENT SHAPE NEARS THE JUNK!



THE PERISCOPE IS RAISED SO THAT THOSE IN THE SUB MAY SEE INSIDE LU MONG'S JUNK.







THEN - ITS FORCE SPENT - THE PROJECTILE FALLS LIKE A SHEET OF RAIN, PUTTING OUT THE FIRE UNREP.

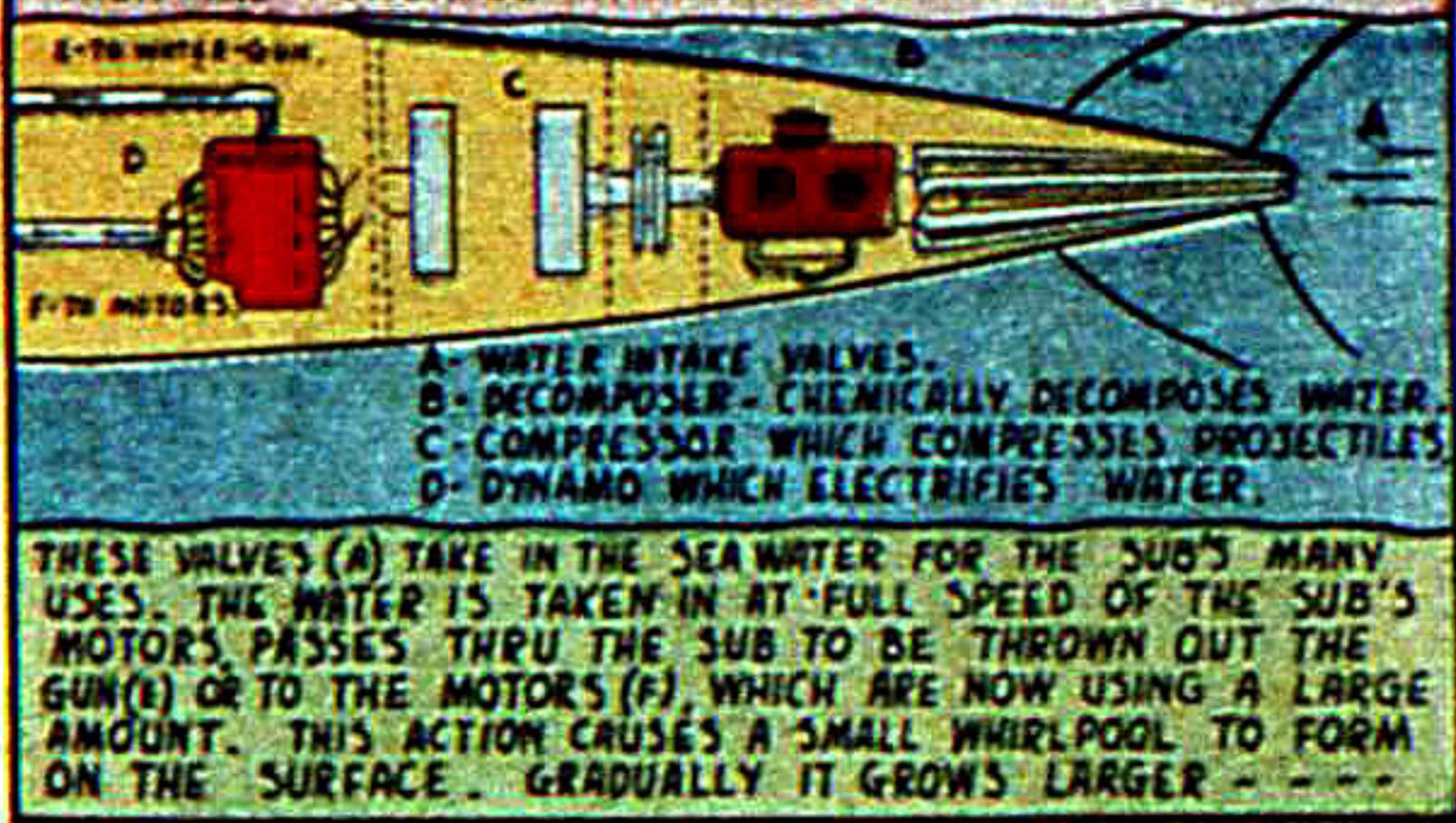
SLIM'S FEET AND DRENCHING THE STARTLED TONG MEN!



THE SUB IS POISED STATIONARY, ITS NOSE TOWARD THE BOTTOM - - -



THEN THE POWERFUL INTAKE VALVES ARE SET GOING - - -

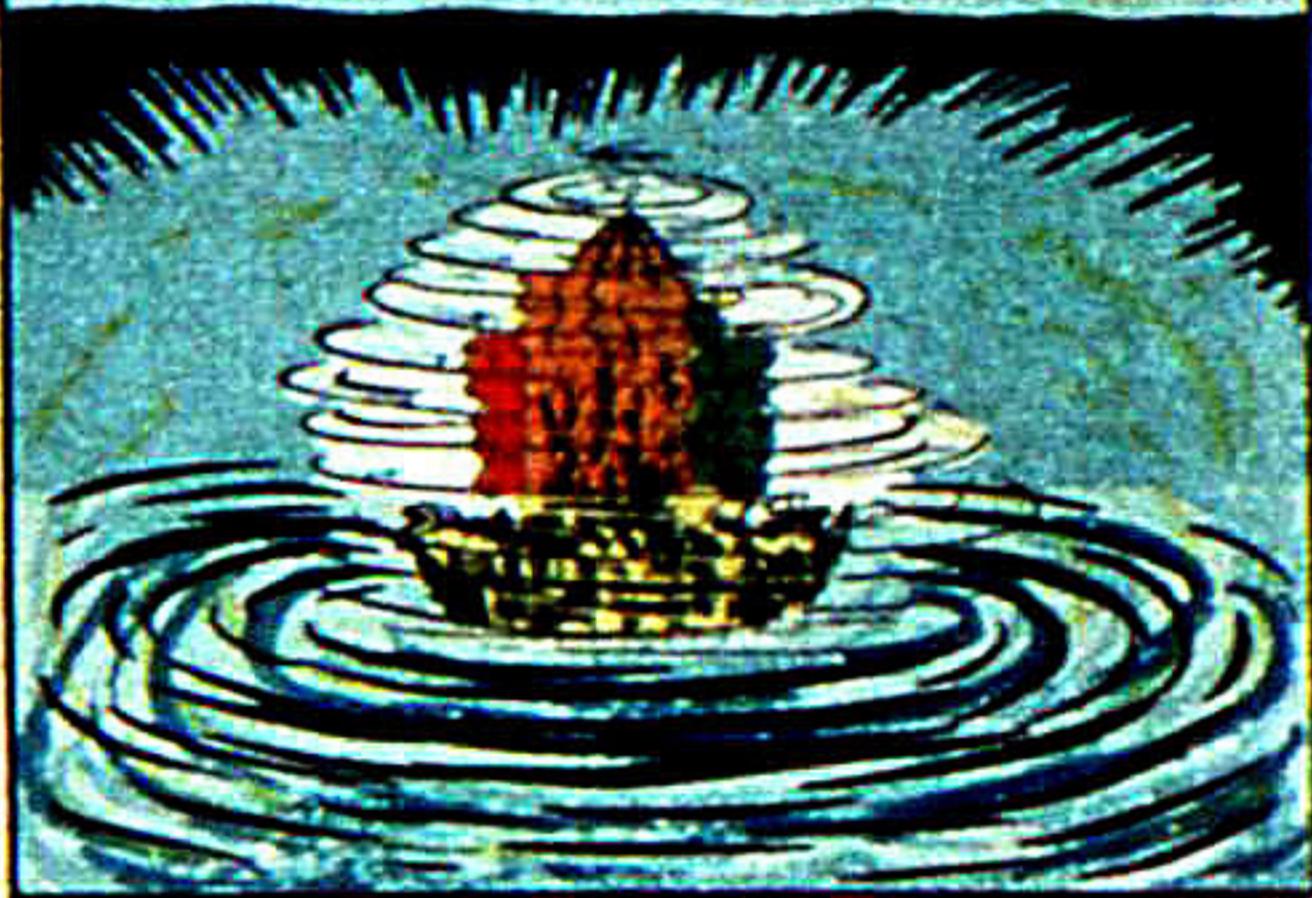


THESE VALVES (A) TAKE IN THE SEA WATER FOR THE SUB'S MANY USES. THE WATER IS TAKEN IN AT FULL SPEED OF THE SUB'S MOTORS, PASSES THRU THE SUB TO BE THROWN OUT THE GUN (E) OR TO THE MOTORS (F), WHICH ARE NOW USING A LARGE AMOUNT. THIS ACTION CAUSES A SMALL WHIRLPOOL TO FORM ON THE SURFACE. GRADUALLY IT GROWS LARGER - - -

GAINING MOMENTUM IN ITSELF, THE WHIRLPOOL DRAWS THE JUNK OF LU MONG INTO ITS CENTER - - -



-WHIRLS IT AROUND AND PULLS IT BENEATH THE SEA.



THE CREWS OF THE OTHER JUNKS FRANTICALLY FIGHT AGAINST THE SWIRLING WATERS.



BUT IN VAIN THEY STRUGGLE THE WRITHING MAELSTROM CLAIMS ITS EVIL VICTIMS. THE REST OF THE TONG MEETS THE SAME FATE AS ITS WICKED MASTER, LU MONG.



MY HAT'S OFF TO YOU, JACK. WHAT A STUNT!

THANKS SLIM, BUT IT WAS THE GOOD OLD PHANTOM SUB THAT DID IT!

BOY, IT CERTAINLY PUT THE TONG-LU-MONG ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.



# SPACEHAWK

## AND THE VULTURE MEN FROM THE VOID

by BASIL WOLVERTON

FROM OUT OF BLACK SPACE COMES A HORRIBLE MENACE TO THE EARTH PEOPLE. THEN SPACEHAWK STEPS IN AND DOES SOME HIGH-POWERED MENACING OF HIS OWN...



SPACEHAWK, POWERFUL AND MYSTERIOUS CHAMPION OF LAW AND ORDER AMONG THE PLANETS, IS SPEEDING CLOSE TO THE EARTH'S MOON WHEN HE SPIES SOMETHING PECCULAR ON ITS SURFACE.



HE DROPS STRAIGHT TOWARD ONE OF THE YAWNING CRATERS...

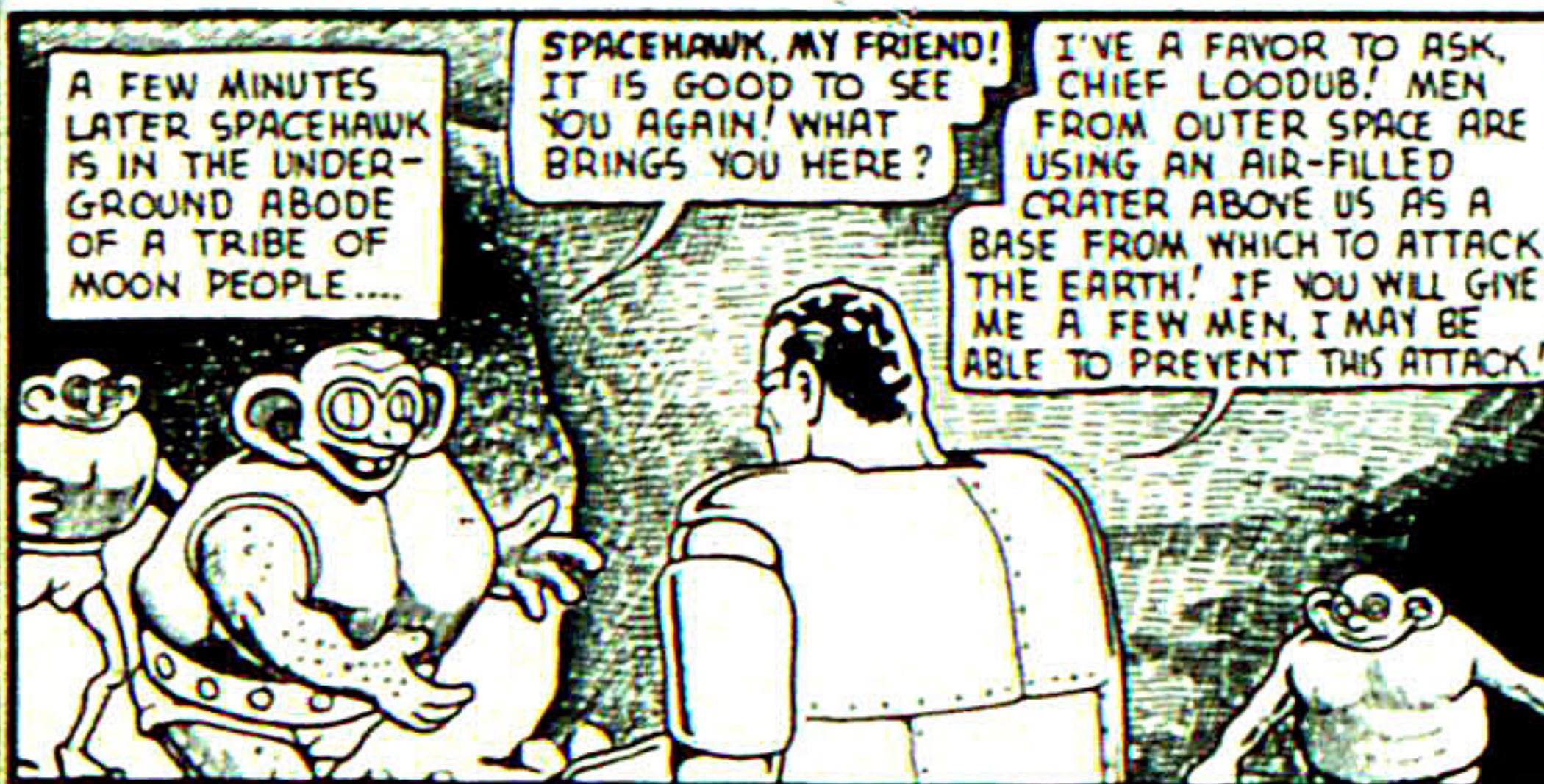


A SHIP HAS LANDED IN THE CRATER, GLARK! IT'S EVEN IF ITS OCCUPANTS ARE INTERPLANETARY POLICE, AND CLEVER ENOUGH TO FIND OUR HIDDEN ABOVE, THEY'LL NEVER RETURN TO THEIR SHIP!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! EVEN IF ITS OCCUPANTS ARE INTERPLANETARY POLICE, AND CLEVER ENOUGH TO FIND OUR HIDDEN ABOVE, THEY'LL NEVER RETURN TO THEIR SHIP!



I AM GLARK, ONE OF A SUPER RACE DWELLING IN A FAR DISTANT SOLAR SYSTEM! MY PEOPLE DESIRE TO INHABIT YOUR EARTH! LEAVE AT ONCE, OR A HORRIBLE PLAGUE WILL DESTROY YOU - A PLAGUE A MILLION TIMES AS GREAT AS THE MERE SAMPLE I AM ABOUT TO SEND!



A FEW MINUTES LATER SPACEHAWK IS IN THE UNDER-GROUND ABOVE OF A TRIBE OF MOON PEOPLE....

SPACEHAWK, MY FRIEND! IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

I'VE A FAVOR TO ASK, CHIEF LOODUB! MEN FROM OUTER SPACE ARE USING AN AIR-FILLED CRATER ABOVE US AS A BASE FROM WHICH TO ATTACK THE EARTH! IF YOU WILL GIVE ME A FEW MEN, I MAY BE ABLE TO PREVENT THIS ATTACK!

ANYTHING YOU WISH IS YOURS! TAKE YOUR PICK FROM MY GUARDS!



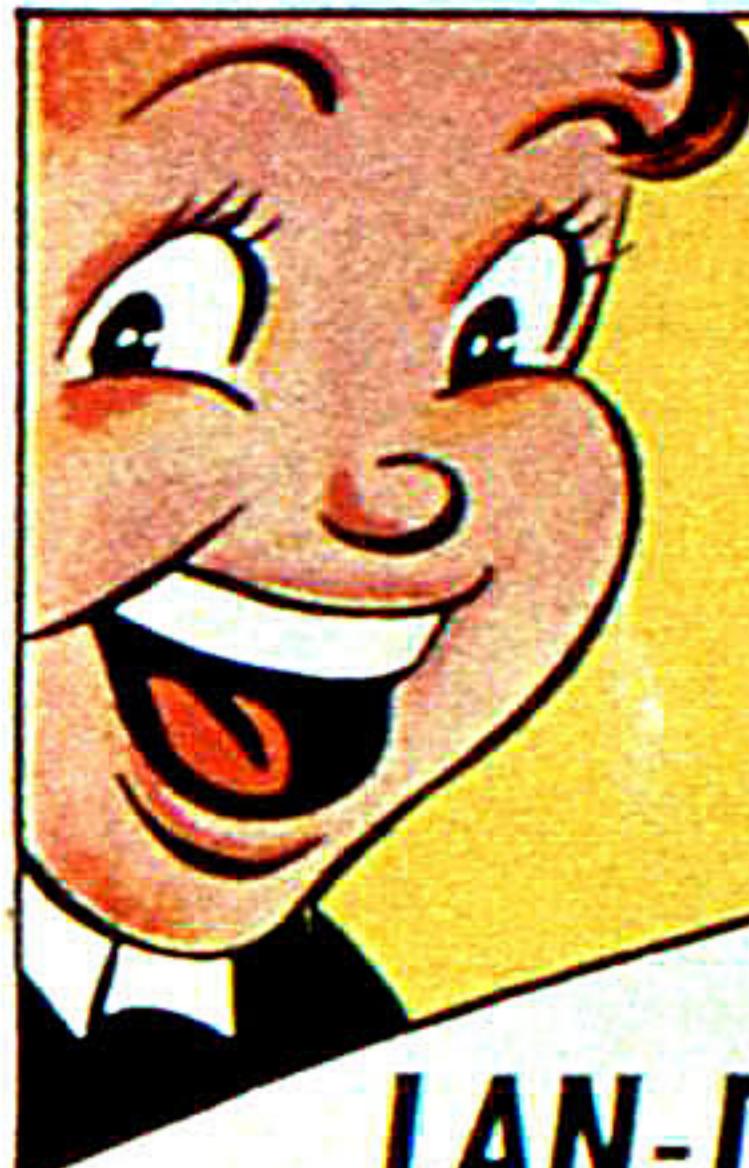
NOW I'M GOING TO RIG YOU TWO UP WITH JUST ENOUGH ANTI-GRAVITY POWER TO GENTLY DROP YOU INTO THE CRATER! IF YOUR SKINS ARE AS TOUGH AS YOUR HEARTS, THE GAS WON'T BURN YOU.

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS! OUR PEOPLE WILL GLADLY CROSS THE UNIVERSE TO AVENGE US! YOU WOULDN'T DARE! WE ARE VULTURE MEN - THE HIGHEST TYPE OF CIVILIZATION!



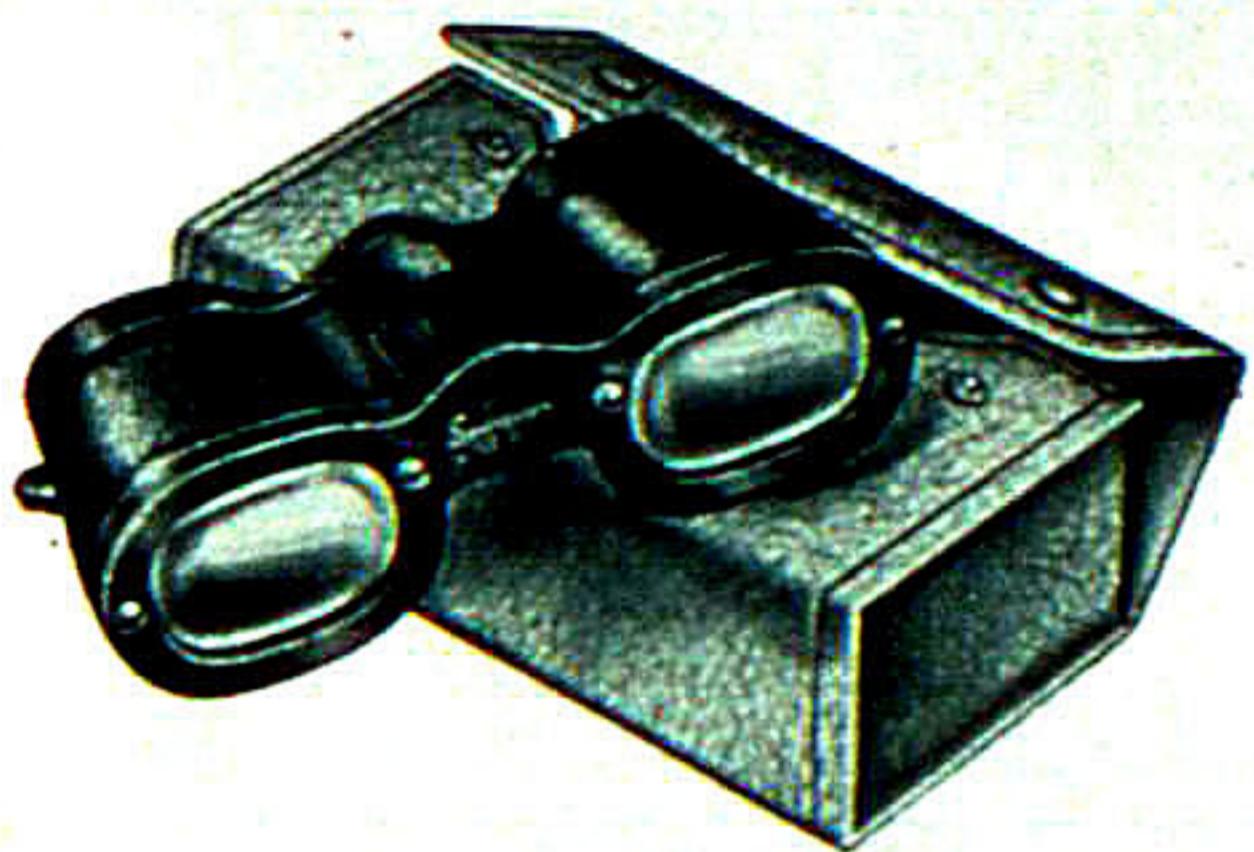
THAT WAS AN UNPLEASANT JOB, BUT THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR! NOW THAT IT'S OVER, I'D BETTER LET THE EARTH PEOPLE IN ON WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

DON'T MISS THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF the **SPACEHAWK** AND THE VULTURE MEN in **SEPTEMBER** **TARGET COMICS** **ON SALE JULY 31<sup>st</sup>** **TEN** FULL COLOR PAGES OF THRILLS AND CHILLS.



# BOY! DID YOU SAY BARGAINS!

## LAN-DEE DeLuxe SPORTSTER



MO-122 . . . \$1.25

This price is for a limited time only. Oval aperture gives a wide field view—much more satisfactory than the old-fashioned circular aperture. Great for viewing all sports.

It's a 2-power. Height: closed  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in.; open  $2\frac{1}{16}$  in.; compact and feather-weight. Fits the pocket.

MO-123

## FOUNTAIN PEN

30¢

(Actual  
Size)

A limited supply only. After much persuasion, the manufacturer has allotted us a limited supply to be sold at this price.

Standard type self filling; extra large ink capacity. 14 ft. gold plated point; medium only; assorted color barrel with black cap.

MAIL YOUR ORDER TODAY.

A  
REAL  
COMPASS  
AND A  
SUN  
DIAL  
TOO



The  
SUNWATCH

"THE TICKLESS  
TIMEPIECE"

MO-121

\$1.00

The kind of a time piece every boy should have. No repairs to be made by jewelers. Tells time by the sun.

Comes in a satin-finished, brass case, which can be carried in the pocket like an ordinary watch. Actual size is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  x  $3\frac{1}{2}$  and only  $\frac{1}{2}$  thick.

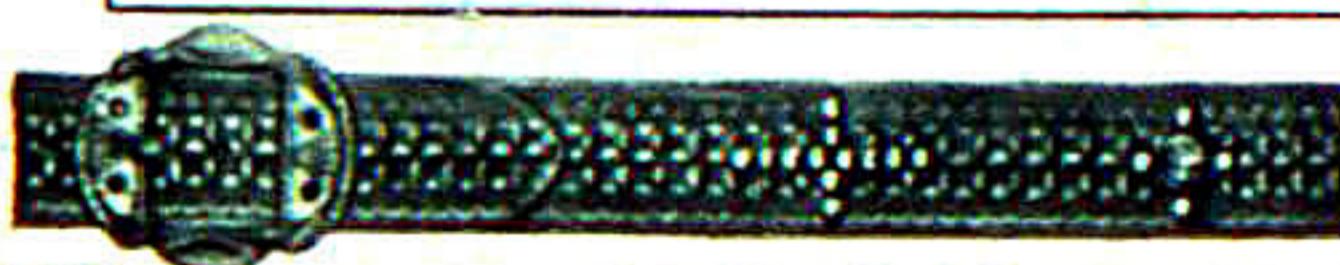
Every Boy Scout needs a SUNWATCH to complete his equipment.

### SPECIAL "6-4-5" OFFER

SIX FOR THE COST OF FIVE!

Get five of your friends to order one each of a certain prize and pay you for it. Mail the name and address of each of these persons to TREASURE HOUSE together with a money order—or your father's check—for the cost of the FIVE and we'll send ONE of any item you choose to you FREE.

CAUTION—The five items ordered must all be the same item.



SECRET  
MONEY BELT \$1.25  
MO-107

Made of full-grain, black cowhide. Western style—embossed and studded with nickel studs and brilliant jewels. Nickel-plated buckle engraved with Indian symbols. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. Secret money compartment on inside of belt. Give size desired.



It will be necessary for customers living in Canada to pay all duty charges upon delivery of merchandise.